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The Little Sailor.

Baby is a sailor boy,
Swing, cradle, swing;
Sailing is the sailor's joy,
Swing, cradle, swing.

Snowy sails and precious freight,
Swing, cradle, swing;
Baby's captain, mother's mate,
Swing, cradle, swing.

Never fear, the watch is set,
Swing, cradle, swing;
Stormy gales are never met,
Swing, cradle, swing.

Little eyelids downward creep,
Swing, cradle, swing;
Another in the cove of sleep,
Swing, cradle, swing.

Harry.---1855---1873.

"Here we go down, down, down-y,"
I sang to you long ago,
When you wore a sweet little gown-y
As soft and as white as snow.

And now in your great long trowsers
You stand and sing it to me;
And the strain such emotion arouses,
I hardly believe what I see.

Not whiskers already! Don't tell me!
Yet coming events, as we know,
Cast shadows before; and so really
They may be beginning to grow.

Forgotten the wee sweet gown-y,
As, stroking your cheek and chin,
"Here we go! down, down, downy,"
I hear you softly begin.

Well, finish the song, and gladly;
'Tis nature's marvelous plan.
A baby might end more sadly
Than by growing to be a man.

If a shade of pain will tarry
To think of the baby that went,
What matters it? Haven't I Harry?
And are we not more than content?

So, "Here we go down, down, down-y,"
Was not more sweet in the past
Than, "Here we go! down, down, downy,"
As echoed by Harry at last.

UNDER THE APPLE TREE.

Slightly bent forward, her hands clasped in her lap and her book lying unheeded on the bench beside her, Margaret Woodford sat thinking. An easier attitude would not have comported with the earnestness of her thought. She did not even notice that the rays of the afternoon sun had got beneath the outstretched limbs of the apple tree and were falling full upon her.

She had come out to the orchard to read the story of the lives of those born in an author's brain, and had come instead upon a new scene in the real drama of her own life.

It was certainly through no fault of hers that Alfred Carson had there sought her out and poured into her unwilling ears the passionate story of his love and begged her for ever so little in return.

She had checked him again and again; told him that she had no love to give; that she feared the capacity for love had died within her; been frittered away in the miserable round of flirtations of fashionable society. Of course she said she felt honored by the love of so good and true a man; would value his friendship, if she might still have it; but, for his love, she could offer no return.

"Do you love another?" he had eagerly asked.

"No," she said, hesitatingly, and then more decidedly, "No, I have many friends whom I love and honor as friends, but there is none to whom I could give that love which would make us both content."

Then came youth's eager and eloquent plea for hope—hope that some day the devoted love he offered might find a return.

"No," she said, firmly, and Alfred felt that the answer was final, and with a choking in his throat he turned and went slowly down the hill.

And Margaret sat thinking. Now that she had spoken the irrevocable word, she queried of herself why she need have given it. Why not have said "yes" as well?

Alfred Carson loved her. He offered her a homage no woman could receive unmoved. He was good and kind; had wealth and social position. He could have kept her in the circles in which she had always moved, and given her the luxuries custom had made necessaries.

Why not have accepted him? Simply because she could not love him, and instinctively revolted from the idea of spending her whole life with him.

She pitied him. But she did not fear that the wound she had inflicted was beyond cure. She had lived too long in the world and society for that. She had sent other lovers away just as broken-hearted as he, and had afterward congratulated them as happy bridegrooms, while they stood beside their blushing brides and wondered in their hearts how they could ever have loved cold, heartless Margaret Woodford.

Yet such scenes were painful. She was not a coquette—simply a belle. Society expected of her that she would smile, and she smiled; that she should be charming, and it was easy to obey; that she should be brilliant, and she shone resplendent, adding mirth to beauty, and wit to mirth, and she enjoyed her power.

If some were dazzled, and would fain have come nearer, she made them feel that her brightness was that of winter sunshine, light without warmth, and they went away with heavy hearts, but soon comforted themselves with the thought that they had been dazzled with an icicle, and sought a steadier though less brilliant warmth elsewhere. She knew better, but was not weak enough to break a delusion that gave them comfort.

This interview had stirred her deeply, and annoyed her just a little. She had intended to make this country visit a season of quiet and perfect rest. Why should Alfred Carson have remembered an old invitation of her aunt's, and followed her? She did not mind Ralph Wentworth's coming. He knew the value of rest, and would bother her with no romance. Besides, he had a right there. He was like a son in her aunt Wentworth's house, being her dead husband's favorite nephew.

Ralph was a pleasanter subject for thought than the painful interview she had just passed, so she let herself think of him. She remembered when he, too, was full of romance, when he came back from Harvard full of bright hopes and plans for a brilliant future. He, too, had bowed before her charms, and received the same answer Alfred Carson just had.

That was when Margaret was in the very flood of her second year in society, and keenly alive to the joys of her triumphant reign. Now, indeed, she had thought, she would not settle down to a quiet, hum-drum life, with Ralph Wentworth and help him carry out his odd notions of doing good and reforming society, and all that.

Ralph had got over it. All men do, she thought. But he was a very different man now from what he was in those days. He was rather given to sneering at things than trying to change them. She doubted if he were changed for the better; he was more like herself. He had "done" society, and knew all about it. He could pay as silly compliments to smirking misses as the next fellow, and then laugh in his sleeve to think what fools he and "the next fellow" both were. He could offer a more subtle flattery to women not too wise to be flattered (and what woman, or man either, is?) but wise enough to wish to be esteemed for something more lasting than evanescent physical charms.

He seemed to have forgotten his Quixotic notions about "reform," unless he expected to make a reform in politics. Margaret wondered if her refusal had had anything to do with damping the glowing enthusiasm he had brought back from college. Some of it must yet remain with him, for he was a hard worker in his profession, and old Squire Horton had once told her that there was not a better lawyer of his age in the commonwealth.

Her rejection had not made him her enemy anyway. She was glad of that; for when he would consent to be serious and not chaff her over her conquests, and hail her as Queen Margaret, he was the most interesting man she knew. He was well read, and had imperceptibly led her into the enjoyment of higher literature than she had once cared for, and helped to cultivate her taste in many ways.

He seemed to value her opinions, too. He told her once that when she grew tired of ruling puppets, she might, with her pen instead of her fan for a scepter, rule men and women.

She wondered if he meant it. She was half disposed to try it. She was tired enough of ruling puppets, and longed for newer and better worlds to conquer. She was twenty-five now, and the Dead Sea fruits of six "seasons" had turned to ashes on her lips. It was dry as dust, and she was weary of it. Suppose she had married Ralph, she thought, would it have been better? She thought not. She certainly would not have had such an opportunity to sound mere conventionality to its shallow depths, and would not have felt her present aspirations for something higher and more enduring.

Sitting thus, musing, she did not notice that the object of her thoughts stood before her, until his shadow fell upon her face.

She looked up startled, and for a moment flushed with confusion.

"Hail to the Queen!" was his salutation. "Was ever queen before who made subjects but to turn them adrift?"

His tone and manner grated harshly on her present feelings, and she made no answer.

"Have you inscribed your new victory on your banner?" he asked?

"I do not understand you, sir," she answered haughtily.

"You don't, aye! Well, that is funny. Do you suppose I am not familiar enough with your archery to know when the animal has been struck? Come now, Miss Margaret, don't play the innocent with me. I met young Carson going down the hill, and one glance showed what was the matter with him—

> 'The King of France with forty thousand men
> Went up the hill and so came down again.'

"What, still silent! Come, don't take it to heart. 'Why let the stricken deer go weep, it will do him good and make a man of him. Don't mar your victory by mourning over the wounded.'

"Mr. Wentworth, you shall not speak in that manner to me, as though I were one of the professional coquettes, who lead men on and then trample on their affections for idle, wicked amusement; I had a right to expect a better opinion from you. If you have not enough respect for me to refrain from uttering such thoughts, I have at least enough self-respect not to stay and listen to them!" saying which Margaret swept away with the mien of an offended goddess.

Ralph was struck dumb with astonishment. He had been chaffing her for years about her conquests, why should she flare up so now? He watched her as she went down the hill, and then lighted a cigar and sat down on the bench she had just quited to think the matter over.

"Angry because I think her a flirt," he growled to himself. "Humph! If she cuts all her friends who entertain that opinion she will have a slim retinue. Has she a right to expect better of me. The deuce she has! Was I not her first victim? But, then, I must say she did not have to try any to secure me, and so far as I've observed, she hasn't fired any of the other fellows on. They fell in as naturally as I did, and most of them seem to have got out in better condition, for they've got married, while I've felt no further inclination that way since the first desire was so unceremoniously nipped."

"Had a right to expect a better opinion from me," he thought. "Well, that's so, by George, so she had. And I'll tell her so. I can't afford to have her angry. Who in thunder would I have to talk to? I couldn't get along without her. Suppose I must some day, however, for she certainly won't keep up this refusing business forever.

"Had a right to expect a better opinion from me." Well, she must care enough about it to make a reform in it a matter of speculation, anyway, maybe after all—

"But pshaw! I'm done with that. I've played the stricken deer once and don't like the character—"

And impatiently flinging away his cigar to emphasize the conclusion Ralph went to find diversion for his mind by occupying his hands in gathering up the croquet implements before it was dark. Shouldering them he started home, but as he approached the apple tree he saw Miss Woodford just stooping to pick up the book she had left behind in her hasty flight.

He hurried up at once to get his disagreeable duty of apologizing over, and plunged at once into it with:

"Miss Margaret, I did not think you would take what I said so seriously. I ought to have had seen enough to know you would be in no humor for joking after such a scene. You were right to expect a better opinion of me."

"I ought not to have been so hasty," she answered, "I've often let you say such things unchecked, but I had just been thinking of ——"

"Of what, Margaret."

"Of myself—and of you. Of how we both have changed since we first knew each other. I was thinking you understood me and saw something better in me than others do. I thought maybe you meant what you said about my coming to rule men and women instead of puppets and—well no matter, I was just flattering myself that somebody did not think me a heartless, frivolous fool—and—your words showed me I was mistaken—that was all——"

They were both sitting no the bench now. The tone of utter weariness and almost despair in which Margaret said "that was all," pierced Ralph's very heart. It poured the oil of tender pity on the smouldering fires of his old love, and he burst again into a fierce, consuming flame. He had held aloof from this proud, self-sustained woman because of her pride, and now her pride lay crumbled at her feet by thoughtless, unfeeling words of his.

He trembled beneath the power of the mighty feeling that surged back again into his heart and cried: "Oh, Margaret! Margaret! were I again to offer you my love, would you again refuse?"

"Would it be the same love, Ralph?" she asked, with an eager look in her eyes.

"The same, as nearly as I am the same," he answered. "It would be a man's love instead of a boy's passion, a love of head and heart founded in respect and congenial tastes and sanctioned by common sense, and above all else it will be love! Margaret, love! Will you accept it?" His very eagerness made his utterances thick and rapid, but Margaret understood.

"Accept it! would I accept Heaven? Oh, Ralph, I am weary and at last I've found rest."

> "Alone the hang-bird overhead
> His hair-swung cradle straining,
> Looking down to see love's miracle,
> The giving that is gaining."

The Polaris Enterprise,

What it Was Started Out For.

The expedition of Capt. Hall, which has so signally failed by the loss of the Polaris, was fitted out at great expense, and under the personal supervision of the naval officials at the Washington Navy Yard. At the time of the departure of the Polaris her fate was predicted by experienced naval seamen who have carefully studied the charts, and pronounced the passage undertaken by Captain Hall as only a waste of money.

Captain Hall was an old Arctic explorer, but owed his distinction chiefly to his search for the remains of the Sir John Franklin expedition. The absorbing theory of his life was the existence of an open Polar sea, which he felt it was perfectly possible to reach by crossing its ice-bound margin on sledges. Captain Hall wrote and lectured a good deal on the subject of the North Pole, and, like all men imbued with singleness of purpose, he made his way in the long run to the attention of the public. Finally Congress voted an appropriation of $50,000 to fit out an expedition for the object of giving a practical test to the theory of Hall and aiding the progress of science and civilization. There was a great deal of interest felt throughout the country in the enterprise, and this became more evident when Congress, which just then happened to be in a parsimonious mood, appropriated liberal means for its equipment. A government vessel was set apart to be fitted up specially with a view to Arctic navigation. This was the Porlaris, formerly the Periwinkle. She was exceedingly staunch and well fitted, and Captain Hall gave his days and nights to superintending her equipment.

The lost Polaris was about 400 tons measurement, larger than the Advance, in which Dr. Kane undertook his former voyage, and was believed to be as strongly and as thoroughly built as wood and iron could make her.

Captain Hall was about five feet eight inches in height, with a compact, firmly knit frame, indicative of great vigor and strength, and weighed probably about one hundred and ninety pounds. He had a large head, with a profusion of thick, brown hair and heavy brown beard inclining to curl. His forehead was broad and massive, with a full development of the temporal and coronal regions. His eyes were blue and the whole expression of the countenance firm, but very agreeable, kind and pleasant. Captain Hall hailed from Cincinnati, where he was once engaged in the newspaper business, publishing the *Occasional* and afterwards the *Daily Penny Press*. In his earlier years he was a blacksmith, working at the forge, and his robust development, beyond question, was in some measure attributable to the exercise of that ardent occupation. He was in no wise a scientific or highly educated man, but had a remarkably practical mind, with a great deal of force of character. He had never studied the science of navigation even, though he was, through experience and aptitude, as competent to navigate a ship or conduct an overland exploring expedition as any of the daring band of discoverers that had endeavored to solve the great Arctic problem. He sailed northward in 1860 in search of Sir John Franklin, since which time his name and fame have been the common property of the world.

Eighteen Persons Eaten by Sharks.

The water fairly boils with sharks, says a Florida correspondent, writing from St. Augustine. I counted one hundred and twelve within the space of an acre, none of which were less than eight feet long. Indian river people say that they have seen them twenty feet in length. I saw one that measured over seventeen feet. They would frequently break under the bows of our twenty-one foot sail boat, careening her to one-side and at times half lifting her from the water. They flocked about the boat by dozens, and cast hungry looks at the huge yellow dog on the forecastle. At one time I struck a twelve foot fellow over the snout with a heavy boat pole. He made a great swirl through the water as if surprised, but saucily darted back to the craft to see what had hit him. Occasionally boatmen plunge lily irons into them, and are towed about the river against wind and tide for miles. Some of the natives declare that they are man-eaters, while others deny it. Jim Paine, of Fort Capron, told me that he had stood in the water for hours while these big sharks were nosing about his legs, but Dr. Fox, my guide, seemed afraid of them, and declared that he had known them to pull an estimable young lady from Savannah out of a boat while she was dragging her hand behind the stern. She was cut into mince meat in five seconds. During the war, it is said, that a boat containing fourteen men was upset in Jupiter Inlet, about twenty feet from shore. There was a foaming of the waters, and in half a minute twelve of the fourteen men disappeared. The water tinged with blood marked the spots where they had been drawn under. Two of the sailors got ashore, but so bitten and in shreds that they died soon afterward.

I was told another story of four men who started to walk up the beach from Cape Florida to St. Augustine. They managed to get across New Inlet upon an improvised raft, but on arriving at Lake Worth Inlet they attempted to swim across. Three of them were gobbled up by sharks. The fourth reached the shore, and traveled on to Jupiter Light, where he told of the fate of his comrades. These reports certainly show that many of the sharks are man-eaters. The most of them are of the shovel-nosed variety. As they are more lively and voracious in the summer than in winter, it is probable that they would attack a man in July or August when they would not touch him in December or January.

Don't Run in Debt.

No farmer can afford to run in debt. It costs a great deal more to live, to buy implements, stock, clothing, groceries, for blacksmithing, for labor, &c., always if a man does not pay cash down. A cash-down farmer can always command the best in the market at the most reasonable prices. If he wants to add acres to his farm he can do it more readily and at a liberal discount from the asking price if the seller knows the cash will come as soon as the bargain is closed and the papers executed. Horace Greeley is reported as having once said that he had rather be a slave in a rice swamp or a convict in a State prison than be under the harrow of debt. The interest which is being paid by the farmers of this country on capital invested in unproductive land is far more burdensome to them and effects their prosperity to a greater degree than the exactions of railway monopolies. This is especially true of the farmers of the West. But then the little home debts, the accounts at the stores, blacksmith shops, shoemakers, &c., &c., are leeches which take from the farmer all the profits of his labor. No one sells anything to anybody as cheap when he knows he must wait six to twelve months for his pay as when he knows the cash accompanies the order. Don't run in debt, if it is possible to avoid it. *Don't!* It never did and it never will pay, in the end, to do so!

A Love Story.

Showing how a Musician fell in Love with and Married a fine English girl.

Late in the last autumn a young girl of poor but very respectable parentage, in England, exhibited symptoms of "going into decline," as the old-fashioned phrase is, and arrived at that stage of the obscure indisposition where the medical gentleman of the day is wont to confess the inadequacy of his science and escape final responsibility for the case by counselling remote travel. Her father and mother were sagely informed by the family physician that an Atlantic voyage only could restore her to health; and they being, as already indicated, in humble circumstances, that ordinarily costly resort might have been hopelessly beyond their means but for their acquaintance with a certain sea-captian, who, upon hearing what the doctor had said, volunteered to give their daughter at least a quarter of a yard, but French dress-makers have an excellent and simple plan for shortening the dress for the street, as Parisian ladies have too much good taste to wear long dresses on the sidewalk. Their plain is to sew a tape casting inside the skirt, beginning an inch below the belt on each front seam, extending it gradually lower backward, so that it will be a quarter of a yard below the belt at the placket opening in the middle of the back. A drawing-string is then put in each casting, and when the skirt is put on these are tied tight behind the person; this draws the skirt up in a puff on the tournure, and shortens it gracefully, without hooping or dipping. For skirt trimming the caprice is to arrange the front in wrapper fashion by pulling six or seven lengthwise bias bands or puffs from the belt to the foot on the three front widths, while the back is covered with flounces. A band down the second side seam does away with the use of bows to conceal the ends of flounces. Four straight breadths of silk are enough for a flounce on the three back breadths. The lower edge of flounces is finished by a bias facing over an inch wide, with one or two very small piping folds put in the upper part of it; these are sewed in with blind stitches. All sewing-machine-work is objected to on silk dresses, and the entire costume, not excepting the skirt seams, is sewed by hand. Over-skirts of silk, and polonaise skirts, should not be lined, as their soft drapery is their beauty; to make them bouffant they must be worn over a tournure. The round apron over-skirt has strings low down in the second side seam to tie it backward; a sash loop and end made of part of a width of silk are put in each of the second side seams, while larger loops with two ends are behind. There is an attempt to do away with all wrinkled apron fronts, making three flat straight breadths tied smoothly down; large square pockets are set on such aprons. Basques have less pleating behind than formerly, and are more nearly square below the waist. Two tiny folds of piping edge the basques of elegant black silk suits that are elaborately trimmed elsewhere with jet and lace. Instead of vests and moire antique collars, the stylish trimming for the front of basque-waists is now a Medici fraise of the silk, bias, double, and ride-pleated, to stand upright around the neck. It stands three inches wide just behind where the pleats turn and form a box-pleat, and is graduated narrower half-way down the front of the corsage, where it slopes into a bias band that passes up the fronts in vest shape. This standing fraise is very becoming with the high coiffures now in fashion. Coat sleeves are close and tight, and very simply trimmed with bias bands like straps, or else with a plain silk cuff, lined with stiff foundation. Jet trimmings on French dresses are showy and very light, being made of silk net with fine cut beads set in the meshes; jet ribbons, galloons, and laces sprinkled with jet are more stylish than the vine passementeries, so long in use. The goffered fringe—a kind of crimped silk tape—and the fringes that are tied in the edge of the garment are most fashionable. Lace is used for trimming the stately princesse dresses. $200 is asked for black taffeta suits made of silk worth $3 or $4 a yard; if lace and jet are added, the price is $300 or more.

Wearing a New Boot.

The Danbury *News* says: It is a little singular how well a pair of boots can be made to fit at the store. You may not be able to get your foot only part way down the leg at the first trial, but that is because your stocking is sweaty, or you haven't started right, and the shoemaker suggests that you start again and stand up to it, and he throws in a little powder from a pepper-box to aid you. And so you stand up, and pound down your foot, and partly trip yourself up, and your eyes stick out in an unpleasant manner, and every vein in your body appears to be on the point of bursting, and all the while that dealer stands around and eyes the operation as intently as if the whole affair was perfectly new and novel to him. When your foot has finally struck bottom, there is a faint impression on your mind that you have stepped into an open stove, but he removes it by solemnly observing that he never saw a boot fit quite as good as that. You may suggest that your toe presses too hard against the front, or that some of the bones in the side of the foot are too much smashed, but he says this is always the way with a new boot, and that the trouble will entirely disappear in a few days. Then you take the old pair under your arm and start for home as animated as a relic of 1812, all the while feeling that the world will not look bright and happy to you again until you have brained that shoemaker. You limp down town the next day, and smile all the while with your mouth, while your eyes look as if you were walking over an oyster bed barefoot. When no one is looking you kick against a post or some other obstruction, and show a fondness for stopping and twisting against something that will sustain your weight. When you get home at night you go for those old boots with an eagerness that cannot be described, and the remarks that you make upon learning that your wife has disposed of them to a widow woman in the suburbs, are calculated to immediately depopulate the earth of women and shoemakers generally.

Obliging.—A traveler coming up from the Central depot, says the Detroit *Free Press*, stopped for a moment to examine a coat hanging in front of a clothing store. The proprietor rushed out and asked: "Wouldn't you like to try on some coats?" "I dunno but I would," responded the traveler, consulting his time-killer, and he went in and began work. No matter how often he found his fit, he called for more coats, and after he had tried on about thirty, he looked at his watch, again resumed his own garment, and walked off, saying: "I won't charge a cent for what I've done; hang a man who won't oblige another when he can do it! If I'm ever around this way again, and you've got any more coats to try on, I'll do all I can to help you!"

A young woman in Pennsylvania, who burnt her hand at the range recently, is fearful that some of the letters of the name of the maker of the range, which were burned deeply into the flesh, will remain permanently.

How to Make Black Silk Dresses.

Black silk costumes, says a fashion journal, are the most important part of a modiste's importations, as almost every customer buys at least one such suit a year. Among those examined at the best houses we find the lower skirt made usually with two side gores and one full back breadth, though there is still a fancy for using only one side gore and two full back breadths. These skirts are not lined, as it makes them too heavy, but are faced with crinoline three-eighths of a yard deep, with a narrow overfacing of silk, and the edge is bound with worsted braid in the old-fashioned way. The top of the skirt is sewed to the belt with scarcely any gathers in the three front breadths, but a deep pleat is laid under the side seams; the back breadths are fulled in French gathers or gauging. The skirt is made long enough to lie on the floor at least a quarter of a yard, but French dress-makers have an excellent and simple plan for shortening the dress for the street, as Parisian ladies have too much good taste to wear long dresses on the sidewalk. Their plain is to sew a tape casting inside the skirt, beginning an inch below the belt on each front seam, extending it gradually lower backward, so that it will be a quarter of a yard below the belt at the placket opening in the middle of the back. A drawing-string is then put in each casting, and when the skirt is put on these are tied tight behind the person; this draws the skirt up in a puff on the tournure, and shortens it gracefully, without hooping or dipping. For skirt trimming the caprice is to arrange the front in wrapper fashion by pulling six or seven lengthwise bias bands or puffs from the belt to the foot on the three front widths, while the back is covered with flounces. A band down the second side seam does away with the use of bows to conceal the ends of flounces. Four straight breadths of silk are enough for a flounce on the three back breadths. The lower edge of flounces is finished by a bias facing over an inch wide, with one or two very small piping folds put in the upper part of it; these are sewed in with blind stitches. All sewing-machine-work is objected to on silk dresses, and the entire costume, not excepting the skirt seams, is sewed by hand. Over-skirts of silk, and polonaise skirts, should not be lined, as their soft drapery is their beauty; to make them bouffant they must be worn over a tournure. The round apron over-skirt has strings low down in the second side seam to tie it backward; a sash loop and end made of part of a width of silk are put in each of the second side seams, while larger loops with two ends are behind. There is an attempt to do away with all wrinkled apron fronts, making three flat straight breadths tied smoothly down; large square pockets are set on such aprons. Basques have less pleating behind than formerly, and are more nearly square below the waist. Two tiny folds of piping edge the basques of elegant black silk suits that are elaborately trimmed elsewhere with jet and lace. Instead of vests and moire antique collars, the stylish trimming for the front of basque-waists is now a Medici fraise of the silk, bias, double, and ride-pleated, to stand upright around the neck. It stands three inches wide just behind where the pleats turn and form a box-pleat, and is graduated narrower half-way down the front of the corsage, where it slopes into a bias band that passes up the fronts in vest shape. This standing fraise is very becoming with the high coiffures now in fashion. Coat sleeves are close and tight, and very simply trimmed with bias bands like straps, or else with a plain silk cuff, lined with stiff foundation. Jet trimmings on French dresses are showy and very light, being made of silk net with fine cut beads set in the meshes; jet ribbons, galloons, and laces sprinkled with jet are more stylish than the vine passementeries, so long in use. The goffered fringe—a kind of crimped silk tape—and the fringes that are tied in the edge of the garment are most fashionable. Lace is used for trimming the stately princesse dresses. $200 is asked for black taffeta suits made of silk worth $3 or $4 a yard; if lace and jet are added, the price is $300 or more.

Wearing a New Boot.

The Danbury *News* says: It is a little singular how well a pair of boots can be made to fit at the store. You may not be able to get your foot only part way down the leg at the first trial, but that is because your stocking is sweaty, or you haven't started right, and the shoemaker suggests that you start again and stand up to it, and he throws in a little powder from a pepper-box to aid you. And so you stand up, and pound down your foot, and partly trip yourself up, and your eyes stick out in an unpleasant manner, and every vein in your body appears to be on the point of bursting, and all the while that dealer stands around and eyes the operation as intently as if the whole affair was perfectly new and novel to him. When your foot has finally struck bottom, there is a faint impression on your mind that you have stepped into an open stove, but he removes it by solemnly observing that he never saw a boot fit quite as good as that. You may suggest that your toe presses too hard against the front, or that some of the bones in the side of the foot are too much smashed, but he says this is always the way with a new boot, and that the trouble will entirely disappear in a few days. Then you take the old pair under your arm and start for home as animated as a relic of 1812, all the while feeling that the world will not look bright and happy to you again until you have brained that shoemaker. You limp down town the next day, and smile all the while with your mouth, while your eyes look as if you were walking over an oyster bed barefoot. When no one is looking you kick against a post or some other obstruction, and show a fondness for stopping and twisting against something that will sustain your weight. When you get home at night you go for those old boots with an eagerness that cannot be described, and the remarks that you make upon learning that your wife has disposed of them to a widow woman in the suburbs, are calculated to immediately depopulate the earth of women and shoemakers generally.

Obliging.—A traveler coming up from the Central depot, says the Detroit *Free Press*, stopped for a moment to examine a coat hanging in front of a clothing store. The proprietor rushed out and asked: "Wouldn't you like to try on some coats?" "I dunno but I would," responded the traveler, consulting his time-killer, and he went in and began work. No matter how often he found his fit, he called for more coats, and after he had tried on about thirty, he looked at his watch, again resumed his own garment, and walked off, saying: "I won't charge a cent for what I've done; hang a man who won't oblige another when he can do it! If I'm ever around this way again, and you've got any more coats to try on, I'll do all I can to help you!"

A young woman in Pennsylvania, who burnt her hand at the range recently, is fearful that some of the letters of the name of the maker of the range, which were burned deeply into the flesh, will remain permanently.

Pearl-Fishing in Vermont.

The pearl-producing, fresh-water clam, or mussel, is found in some Western streams, though few pearls have yet been discovered in them. It seems that fresh-water pearls are found most abundantly in the Winooski river in Vermont, not far from its source, and in its small tributaries. Within a few years much attention has been given to hunting them, and vast quantities of the molluscs have been destroyed by the merciless pearl-hunters, yet they are still found in great numbers.

Pearls are more frequently found in clams that live on stony or gravelly bottoms, as a grain of sand or some small foreign substance that has entered the shell forms the nucleus around which the layers of pearl are made, taking an unknown number of years to form even a small pearl. Sometimes they are taken from river-beds of clay and mud. It is said clams must be seven years old before they begin to form a pearl.

The clams move slowly from place to place, crawling edgewise, leaving a groove-like track. The small end of the clam sticks in the bottom of the stream with the large end out and open, out of this a portion of the animal protrudes, but at the least disturbance withdraws, and the shell closes so tight it can not be opened without being cut at both ends. When open, the pearl if any, is at once seen in the small end, imbedded in the "flap."

The instruments necessary for "pearl-hunting" as it is commonly called, are an iron rod, flattened at one end, with barbs cut in it to draw out the clams, a handled basket to carry them in, a stout knife to open the shells, and a box of fine cotton in which to put the pearls.

Sometimes the fisherman wears high rubber boots, oftener he wades into the river with bare feet and his breeches rolled high, with his basket on arm and spear in hand. He thrusts his spear into any open shell he may see on the bottom, which immediately closes, when he pulls it out, puts it in his basket, and looks for another. When satisfied with the number he has got, he carries them to the bank, where he sits down and opens them. The experienced hunter can usually tell before opening if there is a pearl inside, as only the deformed shells contain one. Often thousands of shells are opened and the inmates destroyed without obtaining a single pearl of value. Sometimes brownish ones, lustreless, and of no value are found. The white and rose-colored ones alone have the beautiful light and desirable lustre.

Probably more depends upon luck than skill. C. H. Stevens, Esq., of East Montepelier, is one of the most successful pearl-fishers of that region, and the one who some years ago found the largest pearl that has been discovered in the United States. He says: "The largest pearl I found was in two feet of water where it ran swift. It was in the first shell I took out, and I could see the place close to it where some one else had taken out another. The pearl is ¼ of an inch in diameter, round as a ball, and of fine lustre. It is now owned by a gentleman in New York, who values it among the thousands. It was nearly in the middle of the clam by the hinge, the only one I ever heard of being found there."

For successful hunting a still day is necessary, as a small ripple on deep water will hide the clams. In shallow water it is not so important.

Upon such a day, during a "pearl-fever," it is not uncommon to see numbers of men and boys, and sometimes women, standing in the Winooski gathering the clams, or seated on the bank opening them. In warm weather sometimes, such numbers of clams are destroyed that the air is tainted with their decay for a long distance.

A Noble Art.

Once I remembered among my friends a lady who had known many afflictions, cares and heart-griefs, and yet whose brightness of demeanor and cheerfulness were unflagging; whose very presence was a sunbeam. This lady talked often of her art. When praised for any striking course of action, she would reply, with a touching simplicity, "Yes; I learned that from my art."

As a child, I often wondered what this art could be; growing older, I set myself to find out. It was not the art of music, passionately fond as she was of that divine art, and on so lofty a pedestal as she placed it; for, being somewhat at home within its magic realms myself, I knew that she was not sufficiently skilled therein to designate it as her own; nor was it the art of painting, nor yet of sculpture.

"Miss Margaret," I inquired one day, "what is your art?"

A sweet smile flitted across her face, as she touchingly asked, for reply, "And have I so poorly exemplified it all these years that you need ask?"

"I am sure now," cried I, "that it is, after all, what has often suggested itself to my mind: 'The art of making the most of life.'"

"You are right," she answered, very well pleased; "and this I consider the greatest of arts; all others are sent to earth to aid us in perfecting it."

The Small-pox.

Dr. Janes, in a report on "the practical lessons of the recent prevalence of small-pox, with reference to its prevention in the future," read before the National Health Association at Cincinnati, advocates a system of hospital-treatment which we should be glad to see fairly tried. In order that hospitals might come to be regarded as "havens of rest and refuge, and even luxury, by the afflicted," he would have them managed less economically. With the assurance of being cared for by "trained nurses, and especially skilled physicians, many persons in good circumstances, when smitten with small-pox, would prefer them to their own homes." What a contrast an institution of this character would offer to the Blackwell's Island Small-pox Hospital? The very thought of having to go through the horrors of that place, as is well known, has killed many a patient. The orgies of the drunken, incompetent nurses have been described in these columns, as have also the brutal practices of the porters and other attendants. Under the new Board of Charities the abuses so frequently complained of are pretty sure to be corrected; but if their correction could be made an excuse for trying the method of Dr. Janes, the public would be better satisfied, and the benefit derived would, we are sure, more than balance the additional cost entailed.—*N. Y. Paper.*

Dead or Alive.—There is a rumor current in London that a very wealthy baronet, long of unsound mind, and represented to be still living, really died years ago, but that some affectionate relatives, to whose care he was committed by the legal authorities, have invented, with the view of retaining the ample allowance made to them for taking care of him by the Court of Chancery, a lay figure, an admirable likeness of the deceased gentleman, which, seated in an easy chair and cowering over the fire, they show to the official inquisitors, with the intimation that Sir H—— can't bear to be approached or disturbed.

Ludicrous Scene.

The San Francisco *Morning Call* gives an amusing account of a "tub race" which recently came off near that city, for which three brave mariners entered themselves, and entered their washing utensils. Undeterred by the recent disaster to the Atlantic, they dared the crinkled waters of the bay minus boots, vests, and coats; but one of them had no sooner settled himself in his tub than he slid gracefully therefrom into the water, while the tub hopped merrily away, bottom up, upon the tide, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd. The tub was recovered; the dripping mariner was reinstated; and at the word "go," the sculls were dipped in the water, and the "race" began. The excitement at this point was tremendous. About fifty persons were crowded upon a balcony attached to Costa's saloon, directly over the waters of the bay, about four or five feet deep, and ere long the whole assemblage found itself floundering in the water amid the fragments of a wrecked balcony. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme. A colored citizen, dressed in the height of fashion, was seen emerging from the mud; and a youth suspended from a derrick filled the air with frantic shrieks of "Save me! save me!" But worst of all, one fellow had the misfortune not to provide himself with suspenders, and in the fall of the balcony his baggy pantaloons were ruthlessly torn off him by the falling timbers. He had not the presence of mind to remain in the friendly water, but grasped a beam and drew himself up. The effect upon the crowd was immense. The young man's person was not symmetrical, and it was the general opinion that the bath he had just had must have been the first for many months. As he hung from the beam, his shirt waving in the breeze, and his limbs writhing with their owner's efforts to climb to a place of security, he was a fearful sight for a Sunday afternoon in a civilized community. A man of a Falstaffian contour evidently thought that he had fallen into about sixty feet of water, and struck out desperately for land. He had swam but a few yards when cramps of fright disabled him, and he sank with a cry of despair, apparently believing that he had seen the last of this fair world. When he found himself in about four feet of water, he came scrambling ashore, the most sheepish-looking individual ever seen. After the momentary consternation caused by the disaster had subsided, the crowd on dry land nearly died of laughing, and had barely strength to assist their drenched fellow citizens out of the mire. When all had been extricated, it was found that abraded noses and spoiled clothes were the most serious casualties.

The Tichborne Story.

As the Tichborne claimant, otherwise Arthur Orton, is once more the sensation of the English law-courts, the following summary of his famous case, from the English letter of the Boston *Post*, is of general interest: Roger Tichborne, oldest son of Sir James Tichborne, after being educated in France and at Stonyhurst, and serving for a while in the army as an officer of carbineers, set sail for South America in 1851, after which he was never seen again in England. His travels and his life ended, or was supposed to have ended, when the ship Bella, on which he set sail at Rio de Janeiro for New York, foundered at sea. His mother refused to believe him dead, and advertised for him for several years. At last she was rewarded by hearing from Australia that her son was alive and well; and she got letters purporting to be from him, in which he stated that he had been picked up at sea and carried to Melbourne. In 1866 the would-be Sir Roger, in the person of the claimant, reached England. Roger's father was dead; the claimant was recognized by Lady Tichborne as her son. In a year or two she died, before the case came to trial; meanwhile almost every other member of the family denied his identity. The trial ensued, and lasted nearly a year; witnesses by the score identified claimant as Sir Roger; witnesses by the score declared him to be an impostor. Finally, the testimony of Lord Bellew, that he had tattooed Roger when at school, taken with the fact that the claimant could show no tattoo marks whatever, induced the jury to say they had heard enough, whereupon the claimant practically withdrew his case by submitting to a non-suit. Thereupon he was at once arrested as an impostor, detained at Newgate, bailed out by enthusiastic partisans, and during the year which has intervened, has been going up and down the country making speeches and trying to raise money to sustain his defence.

Sothern and his Dog.

Last summer, in the dog days, Sothern played a joke on his Scotch terrier, Jack, to cure him of making acquaintance with other dogs when out for a walk. When he saw another dog, Jack would rush up and rub his nose against that of the stranger, and indicate in doggish ways that he would like to be his friend. When the season for muzzling came, Sothern put a muzzle on Jack and took him out for a walk. Somewhere near Union Square he met Florence, and as the twain stood in conversation Florence noticed that whenever Jack applied his nose to that of another dog the latter went howling down the street, leaving the terrier very much astonished. Florence could not understand it, and finally asked:

"Ned, what's the matter with Jack, that all the dogs run away from him so?"

"O, nothing," said Sothern, "except that before I started out I fixed a couple of cambric needles in his muzzle so that they stick out about an inch beyond the end of his nose."

Well, the result was that in a day or two Jack was afraid to go near any other brute of his kind, and all those who had been interviewed with those needles were careful to keep away from him. Sothern says he will take out a patent for his invention, provided Bergh does not have him arrested for cruelty to animals.

New Head Light for Locomotives.

The introduction of silvered mica reflectors into locomotive head-lights, has proved a complete success. An engineer on the West Jersey railroad, who has been using them, says he can by their aid, distinguish the features of a person, at a distance of *four hundred yards*. They are now being tested on the Reading, North Pennsylvania, and other railways, with the most encouraging prospects as to their adoption on account of their economy, durability, efficiency, and saving of labor. In case of accident they are but little liable to injury. A case is mentioned of a locomotive on the North Pennsylvania railroad, which recently exploded, and the smoke stack of the locomotive fell heavily on the lantern, completely demolishing it and bending the reflector almost double; when relieved of the pressure, it sprung back to its shape, and with the exception of the displacement of one or two small pieces of the silvered mica, it was uninjured; whereas, had it been a metal reflector, it would have required replating and bending, involving an expense of at least twenty dollars.

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., June 5, 1873.

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2.50 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

Advertisements $1.50 per square (ten lines) for three insertion. Advertisements for 3, 6 and 12 months, at reduced rates.

Any person sending us the names of six new subscribesr, with the cash will receive the REPORTER one year free.

The Williamsport *Standard*, Joe Furey's able and spicy democratic sheet, of last week, pays a fine tribute to Mr. Orvis, on account of the eminent services he rendered the people of this state, as a member of the Legislature in killing jobs and exposing the schemes of the roosters last winter. All our democratic exchanges contain articles in the same strain, save one, which is surly, and spitefull and wastes its time in eulogizing roosters of the House, whose company its editor has ever preferred to that of honest men, notwithstanding its continued hypocritical professions to the contrary.

The present Massachusetts Legislature, which should have adjourned long ago having been in session nearly five months is very much snubbed by the Boston and other newspapers. The Post for instance, says: "The present Legislature is the most stupid one which we have ever had it doesn't know enough to go home." And The Advertiser: The grass on the State House lawn was mowed yesterday Isn't it about time for the legislators to do a little mowing at home?" Ever since we can remember Massachusetts has been trying to shorten these legislative sessions; and the only result seems to be that they grow longer and longer.

An unfortunate snake in Tennesee recently swallowed a rabbit and then attempted to crawl through a fence, but was stopped by the internal rabbit when about half way through; while in this quandary another rabbit was as one of our cotemporaries would say canvenient, and the snake swallowed him like-wise; so with a swallowed rabbit on each side of the hole he was crawling through he stuck, and was killed during the process of digestion. This snake reminds one of the Radical party just now, with the salary grab of Grant on one side of the fence and the eloquent denunciation of that grant larceny on the other the reptile seems doomed to die with its belly full of thievery.

Constitutional Convention.

Philadelphia, May 27.—In yesterday's session of the Constitutional Convention, the oath of office was under consideration. The motion by Mr. Cuyler to strike out specific provisions were agreed to, by 35 to 33, as also an amendment by J. N. Purviance.

As amended the article specifies the following as the form of oath to be taken by members of the General Assembly, all judicial, State and county officers before entering their offices.

I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support, obey and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of this Commonwealth; that I will discharge the duties of my office with fidelity; I do further solmnly swear (or affirm) that I will not knowingly receive, directly or indirectly, any money or other valuable thing for the performance or non-performance of any act or duty pertaining to my office, other than the salary and mileage allowed by law nor will I vote for or advocate the matter in which I have, or expect to have, any private interest whatever, directly or indirectly.

The article on Elections was then commenced and partly concluded in the Committee of the Whole, Mr. Walker in the chair. The sections passed provide for constituting the election boards of a judge, two inspectors and two appointed clerks, each voter to vote for but one inspctor. No person is to be an election officer who holds any position under the National, State, city or county governments, or in any municipal board or commission. Pending the vote upon the third sect on authorizing Courts of Common Pleas to appoint overseers of election whenever the Courts shall be satisfied that the appointment is a reasonable precaution against fraud, the Committee rose with leave to sit to-day, and adjourned.

At 9:1-2 o'clock to-day the Convention was called to order, President Meredith in the chair, and went into Committee of the Whole on the above article, Mr. Walker, of Erie, in the chair, the third section pending. The section was finally adopted, and, as amended, is as follows:

The Courts of Common Pleas of the several counties of the Commonwealth shall have power within their respective jurisdiction to appoint overseers of election to supervise the proceedings of election officers and to make report to the Court as may be required, such appointment to be made for a part or for all districts in a city and county, or in wards or divisions thereof, whenever the same shall appear to the Court to be a reasonable precaution to secure the purity and fairness of elections. The overseers shall be two in number for an election district, and shall be persons qualified to serve upon election boards and in each case members of different political parties. Whenever members of an election Board shall differ in opinion, a majority of said Board and said overseers acting together shall decide the question of difference. In appointing overseers of elections all Law Judges of the proper Court, able to act at the time, shall concur in the appointment made.

Sec. 4. The trial and determination of elections of President and vice President, of Senators and Representatives in the Legislature, and of all public officers, whether State, Judicial, municipal or local, shall be by one or more law judges thereof. The Legislature shall by general law designate the courts and judges by whom the several classes of election contests shall be tried in the regular manner of all matters incident thereto; but no such law assigning jurisdiction or regulating its exercise shall take effect as to any contest arising out of an election held before its passage. Agreed to.

The majority report of the Committee on railroads and canals was before the Constitutional Convention on 7th, sitting as a Committee of the Whole. After an animated discussion the following section was adopted, the balance remaining to be passed upon hereafter:

SEC. 1. Any individual company or corporation organized for the purpose, shall have the right to construct a railroad or canal between any two points in this State. Any railroad may interset and connect with any other railroad, and no discrimination shall be made in passenger and freight tariffs on persons or property passing from one railroad to another and no unnecessary delay interposed in the forwarding of such passengers and property to their destination. The legislature shall by general law prescribe reasonable regulations to give full effect to these powers and rights.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Marshal MacMahon, upon whom has fallen the mantle of M. Thiers is before all a soldiee. He has been nearly half a century in the French Army and since the day of the storming of the Malakoff he has, been its pride and glory. Before the recent Franco-Prussian war MacMahon was regarded as the coming man who would give the assailants of France a lesson in the art of war. For some reason possibly the combined reason that his military ability was and is overrated and that his plans were thwarted by imperial interference, he failed to do anything worthy of even a fifth rate general in resisting the German advance. He suffered an ignominious defeat at Woerth the Crown Prince of Prussia completely out-generalling him and his combinations led to the fatal day at Sedan. To be sure when he entered Paris after the siege he performed feats of valor that made him doubly dear to the reactionary classes. It will be a long time before the world will accept as anything but cruel and useless carnage the slaughter by thousands of the ill-advised defenders of Paris against the Thiers Government. Marshal MacMahon was the hand in execution of this bloodthirsty scheme and perhaps it would not be unnatural to infer that he had much to do with the conception of the scheme itself.

As an administrator MacMahon has not been a success. He left Algiersa in a most terrible state. The disorders which broke out there on the close of the Prussian war were his legacy to his successors. Every severity that arbitrary power could think of was executed in the harshest manner, but without reducing either the French colonists or the Algerian natiues to obedience.

To his new position as President MacMahon comes at the ripe age of sixty-five—he is ten years younger than M. Thiers. He brings with him to the task an immense reputation for military ability and a great popularity due in part to his unpretending manners. He is a royalist at heart—a legitimist of the legitimist. Republicanism he has always hated. The very name of liberty has been odious to him though he has never been backward in claiming the liberty for him and his party to be legitimist and to brand as criminals those who do not share that honor. Constitutionalism he regards as neither fish nor flesh. Louis Philippe he served without respecting him or his ministers In 1848 he was lukewarm towards the. Provisional Government. He took the earliest opportunity of going over to Bonaparte when he was maturing his scheme for making himself absolute master of France. Next to Henry V. MacMahon thought Napoleon III. the best governor for the French. The Marshal has never said a word in favor of the present republic. He has studiously avoided all reference to its existence, and though it was said that he and Thiers were on the best of terms it was never pretended that he shared with the ex-President the belief that "the republic" was the only possible government for France.

The purpose of a majority, perhaps of a large majority of the 390 delegates who voted on Saturday for MacMahon at Versailles was to make him the new President a second *Monk*—to make him the restorer of the Bourbon dynasty, But does *MacMahon* wish to become a "Monk"? That he is a legitimist of the purest type is admitted on all sides and it is not unlikely that he may now look upon himself as the holder of a power which will before long pass into the hands of Henry V. But will MacMahon be ready to carry out such a programme a year from now? M. Thiers entered office as a constitutionalist and he let it as a republican. The taste of power is very sweet. *MacMahon* in the army might wish to see Henri V. restored, while MacMahon as President might not raise his hand to restore him. The situation in France is in spite of the popularity of the new President a larming. The Marshal has no claim on the republican masses who if recent indications are not misleading, are in the majority. The least indiscretion on his part might lead to revolution. The "Right," who feel elated by their victory will not be slow in advising the use of arbitrary measures against their enemies, and unless the Presiden belies all his history he will not be slow in executing such measures. He accepts office as a party leader. If he executes his great trust as a party leader stable government in France can only be achieved by severe fighting.

—The Evening Telegraph of Pittsbrg of which H. Bucher Swope, United States Cistrict Attorney for Western Pennsylvan a, is the editor, in its issue of Wednesday has a notable article, double leaded and more than a column long entitled the "Power of Political Rfngs,' and attacking all such. The Telegraph admits that there is a ring in Pennsylvania, and that a few men "Without intellect, education or moral sense," control the Republican party of the State "dictate its candidates and mould its policy." It further says: "Blind, unwavering devotion to this Pennsylvania Tammany has become the price of public honors, so far as the ring can control and the completeness of their organization and resources enables them to penetrate almost every county in some disguise or other. Nothing is too high or too diminutive to escape them. They are equally at home, whether it is a paster and folder United States Senator State Treasurer or Supreme Judge. They have apres-criptive right to the Legislature.—City governments afford the most succulent labs that bring grist to the mill State officers are a convenience that cannot be overlooked. They aim to influence every Federal appointment and dictate who shall fill offices under the State." The Telegraph thinks this year a good one to break the ring. A postponement of this duty it says mean multiplied dangers to the parts, "for in a twelve month the question will have passed beyond party control," All of which ought to be consoling to those who fought the good fight and failed in 1875.

Berlin May 27.—Paris correspondents of the German press assert that the movement for the removal of Thiers originated in Rome and Florence.

Rebuking the Roosters and their Backers.

The following articles copied from two staunch democratic organs, speak the sentiments of every true democratic journal in the state.

[From the Cambria Freeman.]

We are glad to see that Hon. C. B. Brockway, of Columbia county, has concluded to be a candidate for re-election to the legislature and hope the Democrats of that county will show their appreciation of an able representative by giving him a unanimous nomination. Mr. Brockway has already served two terms in the House, and has proved himself watchful, faithful, and efficient. No one was more careful of the interests of his constituents, and none took a more active part in preventing injurious legislation for the people of the State.—*Bellefonte Watchman.*

To this the Cambria "Freeman" replies:

If the above estimate of the public services of the late member from Columbia county is not intended, as Artemus Ward would say, for "*sarkasm*" then we have wonderfully misconceived C. B. Brockway's career as a "watchful, faithful and efficient" member of the lower branch of the Legislature. In our simplicity we have been led to the belief, taking his legislative record as our guide, that his *status* at Harrisburg was the very reverse of that attributed to him by his friend and admirer, the editor of the Watchman. And we think, too, that the Democratic press of the State will not endorse high sounding eulogium which the Watchman has seen fit to pronounce upon him. A Spanish adage tells us that a man is to be judged by the company he keeps, and this is as true of a legislator as of a private citizen. When, therefore, a member of the Legislature consents to become the mouthpiece of so infamously notorious a character as Peter Herdic, and aids him by his influence and votes in accomplishing his corrupt and selfish purposes, although he may possibly be above actual guilt, he is *not* above strong and well grounded suspicion. C. B. Brockway was the guide, counsellor and friend of Herdic at the last session in driving through the house his (Herdic's) infamous project to erect the new county of Minnequa against the unanimous protest of all the representatives from the counties out of which Herdic's proposed new county was to be formed. No *honest* representative can help to row Peter Herdic's piratical craft and at the same time preserve his reputation untarnished. This has passed into a proverb at Harrisburg. C. B. Brockway is also the same gentleman, who in pursuit of a little cheap notoriety and at the same time to insult Col. A. K. M'Clure, of the Senate, made the motion, on the night previous to the final adjournment, that he (M'Clure) be invited to address the House on the subject of *reform*. In that hasty movement Brockway and his friends, Sam Josephs, Bob Tittermary, *et id genus omne*, bargained for much more than they ever dreamed of, and were made to quail and cower under the withering rebuke administered to them by the fearless and eloquent Senator.

When a democratic newspaper like the Watchman, whose editor is supposed to be familiar with the damaging record which several Democratic members of the last House saw proper to make for themselves, undertakes to invoke public opinion in favor of a political *trimmer* like Brockway, and to endorse him as a "watchful, faithful and efficient" representative, we most emphatically dissent from its commendations. The Legislature needs reformation, thorough and complete, and the people demand it. To accomplish that great purpose let the Watchman contribute all its well known energy and ability.

[From the Clearfield Republican, Democratic.]

SO SAY WE.—We second the motion of the Cambria Freeman, relating to the conduct of Capt. Brockway in the Legislature last winter, and the puff given him by the Bellefonte Watchman. To our mind, Brockway has turned "rooster," and the Democrats are not in need of any such birds on the floor of a Legislative body. They might answer in a barn yard. You are right, Mr Freeman, let us expose these junior Sam Josephs in our party. If the radicals want them let them breed them themselves.

INTEREST ON CAPITAL.

We extract the following remarkable facts from a lecture by Mr. W. P. Groom, editor of the New York Mercantile Journal and think they cannot fail to be of interest as illustrating the rapid increase of capital when well invested:

Many men carelessly conclude that three per cent, is just one half of six per cent. But this is not the case, as will be seen from the following statement of facts:

If one dollar be invested and the interest added to the principal annually, at the rates named we shall have the following result as the accumulation of one hundred years:

One Dollar 100 years at	1 per ct...	$2
" "	3 " ...	19
" "	6 " ...	340
" "	8 " ...	2,203
" "	9 " ...	5,443
" "	10 " ...	13,806
" "	12 " ...	84,675
" "	15 " ...	1'174,405
" "	18 " ...	15,185,007
" "	24 " ...	5,551,799 404

In Hildreth's "History of the United States," it is stated that Manhattan Island—afterward called New Amsterdam now the city of New York—was bought by the Dutch from the Indians, for sixty guilders or twenty-four dollars ($24), and this only about two huudred and fifty years ago. And yet if the purchasers could have securely placed that $24 where it would have added to the principal annually interest at the rate of seven per cent. the accumulation would exceed the present market value of all the real estate of the city and county of New York.

Again, if a man at the age of twenty-five, should commence business with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, and could by any possibility add thereto interest at our legal rate of seven per cent. annually, the result would be (in round numders) as follows:

Age.	Capital.
25	$ 100,000
35	200,000
45	400,000
55	800,000
65	1,600,000
75	3,200,000
85	6,400,000

Sunday, May 25, may be noted as the date of the first case of sunstroke in New York, of the season, and Monday, May 26, furnishes the first reported arrival of yellow fever at quarantine. Last year our hot weather began nearly four weeks earlier.

Paris May.—Ex-President Theirs took his seat in the Assembly to-day Prince Pierre Bonaparte is in Paris.

A YOUNG MAN SHOOTS AND KILLS HIS MOTHER.

Brooklyn, May 26.—George Roderick a law student aged twenty, shot his mother dead in front of her house at No. 105 Ninth street last evening. He was at once arrested and locked up. On inquiry it was ascertained that Roderick and a young man named James Cochrane had been on bad terms for some time past, and quarrelled whenever they met. Cochrane, it appears, is in the habit of getting intoxicated and whenever he met Roderick offered to fight him. The latter appears to be a peaceable youth and as he says, always declined to fight. Yesterday Roderick met Cochrane in front of 109 Ninth street who struck him in the face with his clenched fist. Roderick struck Cochrane in return and a scuffle ensued during which Cochrane put his hand behind his back as if to get a pistol out. Roderick seeing this anticipated it by drawing his own revolver seeing which his mother ran out to separate them. Cochrane got hold of Roderick's pistol and also tore his coat. Mrs. Roderick then attempted to get the pistol away from her son and while all three had hold of it the trigger snapped the ball taking effect in Mrs. Roderick's head having entered the left eye and entered the brain. She fell to the ground and died almost instantly. Young Roderick became almost frantic and would probably have ended his own life under the excitement had he not been taken charge of by the police. He wept like a child while in prison. Cochrane was arrested as accessory to the shooting.

There is a new disturbance about that fruitful source of political acrimony—the Philadelphia Collectorship. Mr. Comly, the present incumbent, is not in favor with the Cameron clan; his removal is considered imminent. His successor must be evolved from the contending elements of Pennsylvania politics. This statement is sufficient to indicate what trials are in store for the President and the reformed Civil Service.

John H. Orvis, Esq.

This gentleman was a member of the last Legislature and took an active part in the proceedings. The question has been propounded in radical journals whether he should be re-elected, to which the Altoona Tribune replies by saying, "he never made a speech in the Legislature but would have put an ounce of laudanum to blush." So far as his re-election is concerned, the democrats of Centre county will take care of that in good time without the officious advice of Radical editors who fear him; and as to his speeches, they were marked with singular ability, for Mr. Orvis is a lawyer of more than ordinary talent. His speech at the close of the session was a very able one and from facts and figures proved that there was an absolute defalcation in the State Treasury of over two millions of dollars. This is the probe that has stirred up the bile of Radical editors. They are afraid if the people get the reading of this speech there may be a general shaking up of the "ring" that has been using the state funds for all sorts of speculation and depending upon the credulity of the people, good easy souls, to keep it hid. Mr. Orvis should have been a little more circumspect. He ought to have known that the moment he attempted to inquire into the condition of the Treasury he would incur the indignation of the snarling curs who were gnawing at the bones. Let him take more prudence in future.—*Zeigler's Democratic Herald.*

An Act for the Better Collection of Debts in the State of Pennsylvania.

That in all cases where any judgement has been heretofore obtained, in any court in this Commonwealth, against any person or persons, if an execution be issued upon the said judgement, which is returned by the sheriff *nulla bona*, or that the debtor has no property out of which the said judgement and execution can be satisfied, any Judge of the said Court may thereupon issue a subpoena commanding the said debtor to appear before a judge or any commissioner duly appointed by the said court to undergo an examination under oath as to his property and affects, with power to compel obedience to the subpoena by attachment and the production of books and papers necessary in the said examination.

In case the said examination does not disclose any property or effects, the expenses thereof shall be paid by the party instituting the same, otherwise they shall be part of the regular costs of suit.

Gen. Canby was buried in Indianapolis last Friday, with imposing funeral ceremonies, the expenses of which were defrayed by the public. If it had depended upon his own fortune he could scarcely have been buried at all. This famous soldier, who had spent his life in the service of his country, who had never been intrusted with a duty which he did not faithfully perform, and had never been placed in a position where he did not win the well-considered approval of all who were able to judge him, did not leave money enough behind him to bury him with decorum. He had been a dozen years a general. He had held the highest administrative and executive positions in the military service. He had commanded armies, and had exercised absolute power over departments embracing the space of an empire. Yet when he died he left his widow penniless. He was one of the old-fashioned public men who never made money out of their places. It probably never occurred to him in his life that he had anything to do but his duty. He was a hard student all his life, a severe and relentless disciplinarian. The time and energy which other officers, not less honest or honorable than himself, devoted to improving their pecuniary condition, were all wasted by him in the intimate details of military administration. He might have said, as Agassiz said in reply to a very lucrative offer, "that he had no time to make money."

He did not squander his modest salary in ostentation nor even in hospitality, like many of his class. He never kept open house. He had as little time for society as he had for money-making. He was genial and kindly to his friends, but not very accessible, and enjoyed his own home most when there were no strangers present. The reason why he saved no money during his life was that if anything was left after his expenses were paid, he always gave it away. A man or woman poorer than himself had an unanswerable claim upon him. His charity was as unpretending as his other virtues.

Here is a curious story of the old Slavery times which we pick up from a Western Carolina news paper. In the gold mining regions of Burke County lived an industrious, well-to-do free colored woman named Nancy Boyce. She was engaged to marry Jack, a slave, and in order to have everything pleasant she put her hand in her pocket and bought him of his master But she was shrewd enough to take a bill of sale of him, fortunately, as it happened, for Jack turned out to be utterly worthless and a perfect sot. But little need was there for Nancy to go to the Courts for relief by divorce. She knew a better way than that. She owned her man and she simply sold him to a slave-dealer who carried him off to the far South-West, so that the sharp Nancy was never bothered by him again. Husbands have been badly sold before, though not in this particular way.

Mr. Beecher.

THE CHARGES AGAINST THE PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

Henry C. Bowen's Confession—He Admits that He Wronged Mr. Beecher—Mr. Tilton Disavows His Charges Against His Pastor—A Remarkable Document.

New York, May 29, 1873.

THE DISAVOWAL.

We three men, earnestly desiring to remove all causes of offence existing between us, real or fancied; and to make Christian reparation for injuries done or supposed to be done; and to efface the disturbed past and to provide concord, good will, and love, for the future, do declare and covenant, each to the other, as follows:

I. I, Henry C. Bowen, having, given credit, perhaps without due consideration to tales and innuendoes affecting Henry Ward Beecher, and being influenced by them, as was natural to a man who recieves impressions suddenly, to the extent of repeating them, (guardedly, however, and within limitations, and not for the purpose of injuring him, but strictly in the confidence of consultation), now feel that therein I did him wrong. Therefore I disavow all the charges and imputations that have been attributed to me as having been by me made against Henry Ward Beecher—and I declare, fully and without reserve, that I know nothing which should prevent me from extending to him my most cordial friendship, confidence, and Christian fellowship. And I expressly withdraw all the charges, imputations, and innuendoes imputed as having been made and uttered by me and set forth in a letter written to me by Theodore Tilton on the first day of January, 1871 (a copy of which letter is hereto annexed)—and I sincerely regret having made any imputations charges, or innuendoes unfavorable to the Christian character of Mr. Beecher. And I covenant and promise that for all future time I will never by word or deed recur to, repeat or allude to, any or either of said charges, imputations, and innuendoes.

II. And I, Theodore Tilton, do, of my free will and friendly spirit toward Henry C. Bowen and Henry Ward Beecher, hereby covenant and agree that I will never again repeat by word of mouth or otherwise any of the allegations, or imputations or innuendoes contained in my letter hereunto annexed, or any other injurious imputations or allegations suggested by or growing out of those—and that I will never again bring up or hint at any cause of difference or ground of complaint heretofore existing between the said Henry C. Bowen and myself, or the said Henry Ward Beecher.

III. I, Henry Ward Beecher, put the past forever out of sight and out of memory. I deeply regret the causes for suspicion, jealousy, and estrangement which have come between us. It is a joy to me to have my old regard for Henry C. Bowen and Theodore Tilton restored, and a happiness to me to resume the old relations of love, respect, and reliance to each and both of them. If I have said anything injurious to the reputation of either, or have detracted from their standing and fame as Christian gentlemen and members of my church, I revoke it all, and heartily covenant to repair and reinstate them to the extent of my power.

(Signed) H. C. Bowen,
Theodore Tilton,
H. W. Beecher,

Brooklyn, April 2, 1872.

MR. TILTON'S LETTER.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 1, 1871.

Mr. Henry C. Bowen:

SIR: I received last evening your sudden notices breaking my two contracts, one with the Independent, the other with the Brooklyn Union. With reference to this act of yours I will make a plain statement of facts. It was during the early part of the rebellion, if I recollect aright when you first intimated to me that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had committed acts of adultery for which, if you should expose him, he would be driven from the pulpit. From that time onward your references to the subject were frequent and always accompanied with the exhibition of deep seated injury to your heart. In a letter which you addressed to me from Woodstock, June 16, 1863, referring to this subject, you said: "I sometimes feel that I must break silence; that I must no longer suffer as a dumb man and be made to bear a load of grief most unjustly. One word from me would make——a rebellion throughout Christendom, I had almost said, and you know it. You have just a little of the evidence from the great volume in your possession. I am not pursuing a phantom—but solemnly brooding over an awful reality."

Subsequent to this letter and on frequent intervals from this till now, you have repested the statement that you could at any moment expel Henry Ward Beecher from Brooklyn. You have reiterated the same thing, not only to me, but to others. Moreover, during the year just closed your letters on the subject were marked with more feeling than heretofore, and were not unfrequently coupled with your emphatic declaration that Mr. Beecher ought not to be allowed to occupy a public position as a Christian teacher and preacher.

On the 25th of December, 1870, at an interview in your house, at which Mr. Oliver Johnson and I were present, you spoke freely and indignantly against Mr. Beecher as an unsafe visitor in the families of his congregation. You alluded by name to a woman, now a widow, whose husband's death you did not doubt was hastened by his knowledge that Mr. Beecher had maintained with her an improper intimacy. As if to leave no doubt on the minds of Mr. Johnson or myself, you informed us that Mr. Beecher had made to you a confession of guilt, and had with tears implored your forgiveness. After Mr. Johnson retired from this interview you related to me the case of a woman of whom you said (as nearly as I can recollect your words) that "Mr. Beecher took her in his arms by force and threw her down upon the sofa." * * *

During your recital of this tale were filled with anger toward Mr. Beecher. You said with terrible emphasis that he ought not to remain a week longer in his pulpit. You immediately suggested that a demand should be made upon him to quit his sacred office. You volunteered to bear to him such a demand in the form of an open letter which you would present to him with your own hand and you pledged yourself to sustain the demand which this letter should make—namely, "That he should, for reasons which he explicitly knew immediately cease from his ministry at Plymouth Church and retire from Brooklyn." The first draft of this letter did not contain the phrase "for reasons that he explicitly knew," and these words or words to this effect were incorporated in a second at your motion. You urged furthermore, very emphatically that the letter should demand not only Mr Beecher's abdication of his pulpit, but the cessation of his writing for the Christain Union—a point on which you were overruled. This letter you presented to Mr. Beecher at Mr. Freeland's house. Shortly after its presentation you sought an interview with me in the editorial office of the Brooklyn Union during which with unaccountable emotion in your manner your face livid with rage your threatened with loud voice that if ever I should inform Mr. Beecher if the statements which you made concerning his adultery or should compel you to adduce the evidence on which you agreed to sustain the demand for Mr. Beecher's withdrawal from Brooklyn you would immediately deprive me of my engagement to write for the Independent and to edit the Brooklyn Union and that in case I should ever attempt to enter the offices of those journals you would have me ejected by force. I told you that I should inform Mr. Beecher or anybody else according to the dictates of my judgment uninfluenced by any authority from my employers. You then excitedly retired from my presence. Hardly had your violent words ceased ringing in my ears when I received your summary notices breaking my contract with the *Independent* and the Brooklyn *Union*. To the foregoing narrative of fact I have only to add my surprise and regret at the sudden interruption by your own act of what has been on my part a faithful service of fifteen years.

Truly yours,
THEODORE TILTON.

CAPT. JACK DEFENDED.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: It is reported by telegraph that Capt. Jack and his band of 25 braves have resolved to die with their rifles in their hands, thus practically repeating the saying with our Revolutionary fathers, "Give us liberty, or give us death!" And when passion and prejudice subside, and a truthful history is written future generations will esteem Capt. Jack as a hero and a patriot equal to any on the page of history. The idea of "savage treachery," attached to him on account of shooting Gen. Canby and the Peace Commissioners, will have no weight when the provocation and all the circumstances are duly considered. That massacre was but the natural consequence of the attempt to poison the Modocs by Capt. Ben. Wright 20 years ago the details of which have been given in the Tribune.

In 1853 the writer of this traveled through the Modoc country, and became a resident in Southern Oregon, not far from the scene of the present Modoc war. The settlement of the country had then only just began, and with many others, I went there with the understanding that the Government had made treaty provision for the Indians; but we soon found out our mistake The war of races had begun and the spirit of the golden rule was extinct. To shoot Indians, and take their women and heroes and children for menial servitude was reputable and the man who killed the greatest number claimed the mosthonorable distinction. In regard to the poisoning by Ben Wright about which there has been so much dispute. I was informed by Dr. Ambrose, who in 1855 was agent for the Indians in Rogue River Valley that Ben Wright with 15 white men and two Indian interpretors went among the Modocs and invited them to assemble to make a treaty of peace. A good number (about 400) of their chiefs and others with their squaws and little ones collected together. He caused seven oxen to be killed and roasted and seasoned with strychnine and then invited the Indians to partake of the feast but as one of the interpreters had discovered the fiendish plot, he gave information to the chiefs of his people, and they wisely refused to eat. The murderers being defeated in one way accomplished their object in another. This is but one out of many similar cases known to the writer in which Indian chiefs met as peace commissioners to negotiate treaties for their respective tribes and were deliberately murdered by so-called Christian men. So frequently was this the case that Capt. Jack had just reason to believe that treachery was the white man's rule and not the exception. There were facts connected with the shooting of Gens. Canby and Thomas which when properly considered, will do much to modify our judgment if not to clear Capt. Jack from guilt and blame for the sad result. JOHN BEESON.

Chapinville, Conn. May 27, 1873.

BOSTON.

Disastrous Conflragation—List of Buildings Destroyed—Loss Estimated at one Million Dollars.

Boston, May 30—10 A. M.—A fire broke out in the upper part of Haley, Morse & Co's large furniture warehouse, 411 Washington street, and is spreading with fearful rapidity the wind being strong from the northwest

The principal direction of the fire is now towards Harrison avenue Hudson street and South Cove. The fire departments from the adjacent cities have been called upon. The streets in the vicinity of the fire are blockaded with moving goods.

Rapid Spread of the Flames.

The fire worked back into the stable of Geo. F. Bonney on Bumstead Place which runs out of Boylstone street, near Washington street and destroyed it eventually. The walls of the immense edifice fell in and crushed to atoms the extensive gallery of Jourdain with all the stores beneath it.

On the opposite corner of Fayette court the flames soon spread to another great building and that was also destroyed including Nos 403 405 and 409 Washington street.

The flames have crossed Washington street and Chicker's splendid granite building with its immense front and the Globe Theatre are in ruins. The fire has also caught the steeple of the Presbyterian church corner Beach street and Harrison avenue, and the spire is a mass of flames.

11 A M.—The rear of Chauncey street is threatened both from Hayward Place and Essex street and the entire square bounded by these streets and Washington street which is not already destroyed is being abandoned by the occupants.

It continued its course southerly from the place of origin. The fire soon attacked the International Hotel No 415 Washington street, and it fell an easy prey.

The flames were irresistible. The next building to fall its victim was a large four story stone front edifice.

Terrible Boiler Explosion.

Brussells, May 28.—A terrible boiler explosion occurred in a crowded work shop here to-day. Fourteen persons were injured, some of whom will die.

Thirty Houses Destroyed.

Constantinople, May 28.—Thirty houses have been destroyed by a conflagration in Stamboul.

Fire and Loss of Life in London.

London, May 27.—A fire, attended with a lamentable loss of life, occurred this morning in Berkley square. Six persons were unable to escape from the burning building, and perished. Six others were injured by falling walls. No water was available, and the flames spread with rapidity.

Four Thousand Indians on the War Path.

San Francisco, May 26.—Four thousand Indians have assembled at New Westminister, from all parts of British Columbia, under pretext of holding a council. Dr. Powell, superintendent of Indian affairs in that region, will meet the Indians to morrow to hear their grievances.

Re-appearance of the Horse Disease.

New York, May 29.—The horse disease which visited this vicinity last fall, has reappeared at the stables of the Coney Island Car Line, Brooklyn. Seventy horses are now sick, and there have been two fatal cases.

The horse disease has reached the Brooklyn City Railroad Company's stables.

A BALLOON TRIP TO EUROPE.

Pros. John Wise and W. H. Donaldson two experienced and well-known aeronauts propose to take the balloon voyage of which so much has been said and so little done. The Boston Board of Aldermen have responded to a petition from them, and made an appropriatiou of $3,000 to aid them in fitting out their aerial ship, in which they will start from the Common in that city on the Fourth of July. The gentlemen intend taking two other persons with them, and through the cooperation of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, expect to secure the services of two scientific men. Prof. Wise bases his reason for undertaking this perilous voyage on the following theories: At a certain hight above the earth there is a continuous air current or tide setting from west to east caused mainly by the centrifugal force generated by the revolution of the earth on its axis, and that this current moves at the rate of from 60 to 100 miles per hour. Thus he expects to reach England in two days, at the most from the time of starting

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OR
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BY THOS. W. KNOX.

942 Pages Octavo. 130 Fine Engravings.

Relates Incidents and Accidents beyond the Light of Day; Startling Adventures in all parts of the World; Mines and Mode Working them; Under-currents of Society; Gambling and its Horrors; Caverns and their Mysteries; The Dark Ways of Wickedness; Prisons and their Secrets; Down in the Depths of the Sea; Strange Stories of the Detection of crime.

The book treats of experience with brigands; nights in opium dens and gambling hells; life in prison; Stories of exiles; adventures among Indians; journeys through Sewers and Catacombs; accidents in mines; pirates and piracy; tortures of the inquisition; wonderful burglaries; underworld of the great cities, etc., etc.

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NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

A. W GRAFF,

CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,

Has just received a large invoice of

Spring Goods!

Consisting of the best assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,

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LOWEST CASH PRICES!

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THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,

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DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.

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PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

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BOSTON

Boot & Shoe Store!

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT

With New Goods & New Prices!

Having determined to engage in business at this place, we have opened up in Room

NO. 5 BUSH'S ARCADE,

BELLEFONTE, PA., the largest, most complete and cheapest stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &C.,

that has ever been opened up in this part of the State. At our store you can find in the Boot and Shoe line

Anything You Want,

from the finest boot to the cheapest slipper, and we know if you once call and EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

you will concede that it is to your interest to purchase from us.

WE SELL AT BOSTON RATES. Repairing Neatly Done.

B. L. BATCHELLER & CO.

July 19tf.

NEW HARDARWE STORE

IN

MILLHEIM Pa.

W. J. McMANIGAL of Milroy has Started a branch Store in Millheim where he intends keeping a full line of Hardware and Cutlery,

IRON,
NAILS,
OILS,
PAINTS,
VARNISHES,
GLASS AND PUTTY,

also a full line of Wallpapers and Borders The Store will be in the charge of his clever and obliging clerk James Montgomery. Centre County, Farmers, Mechanics and others call and examine goods, and compare prices—Jim is a clever fellow and will do all in his power to accommodate you.

ALSO:

Do not forget

THE OLD STAND AT MILROY,

where you will always find a full Stock to select from and prices to suit the times.

Being very thankful for the patronage and many favors shown me by my Centre county friends, I still solicit their patronage and I will guarantee to give satisfaction in every way—Goods will sold very cheap for cash. W. J. M'MANIGAL.

B. O. DEININGER. A. C. MUSSER.

MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS.

New Firm—New Enterprse.

DEININGER & MUSSER,

(Successors to B. O. DEININGER)

We would most respectfully inform the public, that they have taken charge of this old and successful establishment, and propose to carry on the same under renewed auspices.

They have on hand, and will make to order

MONUMENTS,
COUCHES,
TOMBS &
HEADSTONES,

of any possible design, and price. We use the best grades of marble—

ITALIAN,
CARARA,
AMERICAN STATUARY,
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and say with perfect assurance, "Our work is our reference."

Shop, least of Bridge, Millheim.

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Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31. 72.

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HARDWARE STORE!!

WILSON & HICKS,

Bellefonte, Pa.,

(Successors to IRWIN & WILSON.,)

Respectfully inform the citizens of Centre and other counties, that they have one of the largest and best selected stock of Hardware to be found, consisting of Iron, Steel, Nails, Horse Shoes, Axels, Spring Wagon Skeins and Boxes, Complete stock of carpenter tools and builders hardware, locks, oils, paints, glass, varnishes, brushes, cucumber pumps and tubing. Lamps of all kinds, scales, cutlery,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE.

Full line of saddlery and coach makers goods, wood work for buggies and wagons, ploughs, harrows, cultivators and grindstones. Looking glasses and mirror plates. Picture frames made to order. They also have the celebrated cook stove,

SUSQUEHANNA,

every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction. All kinds of parlor stoves. We are determ

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JUNE 5, 1873.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week; by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE CENTRE HALL WATER CO.—The Stockholders of the above Corporation are requested to meet at the lower school room, on Thursday evening, June 13th, at 6 o'clock, for the purpose of adopting such new By-laws and making such alterations in present ones as may be deemed necessary. A full attendance is requested. F. KURTZ, Pres't.
WM. WOLF, Sec'y. may15,4t

—ALWAYS BUY A GOOD BOOK.—Livingstone's book, entitled, Lost and Found, containing 800 pages, and filled with beautiful engravings, is the very book which every family should have. It is not necessary to give any further description of this interesting work—the name is sufficient for all. I claim the right to supply all desiring to purchase in Centre county, having the exclusive agency, and the book can be obtained of me at all times. I will also call on as many as possible at their homes. All desiring to buy this book give the undersigned their order. Price low, and no trouble to give information. Address, G. H. RISHEL, Agent for Centre county, Centre Hill, Pa.

—If you want a good organ, buy a Ryder. See advertisement.

—Last year Mr. A. L. Bartges sold 68 American Sewing Machines.

—The Juniata Republican, of the 23d, says: Since the break in the Columbia dam shad have once more taken to visiting their old haunts in the Juniata. On Friday last at the three fisheries between Newport and the Millerstown dam 469 were captured, and on Saturday up to 3 p. m. 300 had been taken. Quite a number of very large fish were captured.

—ORGANIZED.—The Bellefonte Republican of last week says: "The Bellefonte Car Works" was officered on Saturday last. Col. D. G. Bush was wisely chosen President. George C. Wilkins, S. Austin Brew, Edward Blanchard and John Strike are the directors. E. M. Blanchard is Secretary and Treasurer. The amount of capital stock is $100,000 G. C. Wilkins with a corps of engineers surveyed a line for the branch road to the site of the car shops on Saturday.

—MOWING MATCH.—The undersigned, agent for the SUPERIOR MOWER, hereby challenges the owner or agent of any other machine, to a trial of mowers, at the Old Fort, on Tuesday, June 24th, at 12 o'clock, and should said day not prove favorable, the mowing match will take place on day following, June 25th. Some of the head men of the Superior Manufacturing Comp. will be present, and an invitation is given to all other mowers to compete with the celebrated SUPERIOR, for lightness of draught, as a noiseless machine and excellent work. The SUPERIOR challenges any other mower, without exception, on June 24th.
JNO. H. ODENKIRK.

—M'Manigals hardware store, at Millheim, is noted for cheap goods and the most obliging clerks. Everybody says so, and we say so too.

—The wheat fields, as a general thing, throughout Penn & Brushvalley, have a promising appearance. In Buffalo valley, Union county, the grain fields never looked more promising.

—Rev. Seifert, pastor of the Rebersburg Luth. charge has resigned, and accepted a call from a charge in Somerset county.

Rev. Williams, pastor of the Boalsburg Luth. charge, has also resigned.

—A Westchester, Pa., lady wrote her will on a slate, and it has been admitted to probate.

—The Bellefonte Republican says that Mr. F. Bitner, of Beech Creek, Clinton county, and Miss Carolina Lucus, of Eagleville, Centre county, were married May 8th, at two o'clock, Mr. Bitner died on 15, being just one week from his wedding.

—Rev. Peter S. Fisher, formerly of Pennsvalley, and whose death we noticed last week was 69 years of age, and had been a minister for forty-eight years. In his ministerial time Rev. Fisher preached 10,000 sermons, confirmed 4,000 persons and baptized 3,000.

—We hear much complaint, from all portions of our county, of the corn planted this spring, not coming up—we judge that this is the case with about one-half planted. Many farmers are planting the second time, and some the third. The opinion of farmers is that the seed was injured by being frozen last fall, before the cob and grain were dry. From adjoining counties we hear the same complaint.

—The weather, this week, has thus far been very warm and dry.

MILLHEIM ITEMS

Our farmers are busy replanting corn.

Millheim has got mesmerized mice, ditto the rats.

Since the establishment of the new music store in this place, everything is becoming *mewsical*; even the sturdy old Thomas cats have imbibed the spirit and nightly moonlight serenades are indulged in, much to the satisfaction of our belles.

Capt. Jack, chief of the bloody Modocs, is at present in this place, and may be found at Musser's hotel. He is accompanied by no one and his only means of defense is a hoop upon which is stretched a piece of raw hide, but with this he successfully wards off the bullets that are daily sent at him. He is opposed to local option, and does not believe in soda water.

Old rye, hard cider, and soda water are having a tight race in this place, with the chances in favor of the old beverage, rye.

Our town boasts of three Sabbath schools, and all are well attended.

A public road is to be built from Millheim to the Forks a distance of about two miles. It is to be graded on railroad plan, and from this it is safe to infer that as soon as the main line of the railroad is completed it will be converted into a branch of the above line.

Some of the people of this place seem to forget whilst visiting the grave-yard, that the flowers and shrubbery growing on the graves, were placed there by kind loving hearts as an emblem of affection, and not to be carried away by the thoughtless, merely to gratify their fown pleasure. Shame on the hand that would desecrate the graves of the departed.

Millheim has more pretty girls than any other town of its size in the county. How does that tally with ye Aaronsburg "widders." G.

Peter's Musical Monthly for June, contains the following New Music.

I have no Home, 40cts. Meet me, Bessie, in the Dell, 30cts. The Sweetest Bird is Missing, 30cts. My Soul is Dark, 30cts. Glory be to God on high, 50cts. Springins-feld Galop, 35cts. Salie's Silver-Moonbeam Schottische, 30cts. Maypole March, 35cts. Autumn Leaves 50cts. Think of it all the above pieces for 30 cents, or the same pieces in sheet-form for $3.65. Send $1 for the last six months' numbers of "Peters' Musical," and you will never regret it. Address, J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York.

—Col. D. G. Bush last week effected the sale of several acres of land at the head of the planing mill dam, to Messrs. Batchelor and Fisher of Lock Haven and Shively or Luzerne county On last Friday the contract for the stone work for the erection of a paper mill upon said land, was let, and the buildings will be pushed foward at once and as rapidly as possible. It is expected to have them completed early in the fall so as to be ready for occupancy and the manufacture of paper.

The following is the apportionment of delegates made by the late democratic county convention:

District.	Vote.	Delegates.
North Ward	80	2
West Ward	106	3
South Ward	53	1
Milesburg	36	1
Unionville	22	1
Howard	34	1
Philipsburg	119	2
Benner	170	3
Boggs	128	3
Burnside	32	1
Curtin	58	1
Ferguson	227	5
Gregg	281	6
Halfmoon	41	1
Haines	195	4
Harris	174	3
Howard	66	1
Huston	53	1
Liberty	59	1
Marion	89	2
Miles	251	5
Patton	54	1
Penn	302	5
Potter	387	7
Rush	139	3
Snowshoe	102	2
Spring	145	3
Taylor	40	1
Union	65	1
Walker	193	4
Worth	57	1
Total	3712	75

SPAIN.

A Severe Engagement.

Madrid, June 2.—A severe engagement took place on Saturday last, in the province of Barcelona, between a force of Republicans and bands commanded by Fristany and Don Alphonso. After a stubborn fight the Insurgents fled. They were pursued as far as Manistrol.

The Decaldens and all the Federal Republican factions in Barcelona have united in opposition to the Monarchists.

A dispatch has been received from Gen. Neuvillas, stating that with twelve thousand men he holds all the mountain passes in Biscay, and is driving all the Carlists toward the coast.

FIJEE CANNIBALISM.

A letter from the Fijee islands states that the mountain savages killed a family of whites named Burns and some Polynesian laborers, altogether sixteen whites, whose bodies were found horribly mutilated. Some of the bodies were carried off for a cannibal feast.

FRANCE.

Singular Union Proposed.

Paris, May 31,—The Orleanists in the Assembly are seeking an alliance with the left centre, having refused to form a coalition with the Legitimists and Bonapartists. The left centre, however, decline to entertain their proposition.

The War Indemnity.

It is reported that the Bank of France will advance the funds necessary to complete the payment of the war indemnity, and the evacuation of French territory by German troops will immediately follow.

ARREST AND SUICIDE OF ONE OF THE BENDER MURDERERS.

Parsons, Kansas, May 31.—County Attorney Ward returned yesterday from Texas with the body of Nicholas Morrin or Marion, supposed to have been an accomplice of the Bender family the Kansas assassins, at Denison. He made some important confessions and promised to tell all he knew about the Benders when he reached this city but when near Ateka Station, Indian territory he shot himself in the head with a revolver inflicting a wound from which he died. It seems to be certain that the Benders are now in Texas, making their way to the Rio Grande river, to cross into Mexico.

The process of condemning Congressmen for the salary grab buisness, and at the same time expressing unchaken confidence in President Grant, who made the grab possible, does not please The Cincinnati Commercial. That journal says: "If the Republican party does not proceed to purify itself pretty rapidly, it will be purified by external forces and with violence that will disturb its constitution. But the process of purification is not the unqualified indorsement of Garnt, and the impersonal and qualified disapprobation of the Credit Mobillier Congressmen. The people require more distinct terms and decisive measures than those of the Columbus Convention."

DEATHS.

On 2nd, in Penn twp., Christopher Moyer, aged 60 years, 7 months, and 25 days.

On 3rd, near Centre Hill, of typhoid fever, Thomas, son of Judge Hosterman, aged about 19 years.

On the night of the 3rd, in Potter twp., Mrs. Polly From, wife of Wm. From, aged about 63 years.

In Tylersville, May 23, 1873, Charles Irvin Bierly, aged 2 years 7 months and 22 days, infant son of John Henry and Sarah M. Bierly.

In Mill Hall, on Saturday, May 24, Mrs. Sarah Bartholemew, wife of Wendell Bartholemew, aged 73 years, 1 month and 21 days.

At Hamburg, May 8, 1873, after a short illness, Mary A, wife of Williamson Potter and daughter of John G. Beck, aged 33 years 1 month and 17 days.

At Salona, Pa, on April 27 1873, of consumption, Mr. Abram Hollopeter, aged 67 years 8 months and 7 days.

On 26 th ult, at Ceder Springs, Clinton county, William Strunk, formerly of Centre county, aged 83 years 9 months, and 9 days.

FARMERS READ THIS.—The superior Reaper & Mower, is a candidate for favor to which the attention of Centre county farmers is called. The Superior is manufactured in Wheeling, W. Va., and has met a large sale, and obtained many high recommendations in Ohio, and other states. This machine dispenses with cog-gearing and all unnecessary traps with which many other machines are afflicted; it is simple in construction, strong and durable, easily managed, and light draught. The Superior is fully warranted to do its work right, or no sale.

Mr. John H. Odenkirk, of the Old Fort, is agent for Centre county for, the Superior, and persons wishing a Mower & Reaphead better call on him before purchasing another. 20 jan.

—LIME!—Mr. George Koch has taken charge of the Lime kiln, near Centre Hall and will constantly keep on hand a good quality of Lime Mr. Koch can be found at the kiln at any time during the day, to wait upon customers. may15

NOTICE!—H. D. VAN PELT & CO. are building a few FIRST CLASS REAPERS and MOWERS, for this season's trade, which they warrant in every respect equal and in some respects superior to any Machine offered in this market, and which they propose to SELL for a little LESS MONEY than any other Machines are sold at. Persons wishing GOOD MACHINES, with the advantages of any repairs handy at home, will do well to examine our Machines before purchasing foreign ones. We will put them all out on trial. 15m2ym

HOUSE and LOT FOR SALE.—A lot of ground, at Potter's Mills, thereon erected a two-story dwelling House, with good Wagonmaker Shop, a good Stable, and all necessary outbuildings, is offered at private sale, on reasonable terms. There is a well of never failing water, with pump, near the door. For further particulars apply to Mrs. KATE SHAFER,
17apr3m Potters Mills.

Students of Pennsylvania politics will recognize the truth of this reference to the Ring of which Mr. Simon Cameron is the shining center. It is in The Pittsburgh Telegraph: "Blind, unwavering devotion to this Pennsylvania Tammany has become the price of public honors, so far as the Ring can control, and the completeness of their organization and resources enables them to penetrate almost every county, in some disguise or other. Nothing is too high or too diminutive to escape them. They are equally at home, whether it is a paster or folder, United States Senator, a State Treasurer, or Supreme Judge. They have a sort of prescriptive right to the Legislature. City governments afford the most succulent jobs that bring grist to their mill. State officers are a convenience that cannot be overlooked. They aim to influence every Federal appointment and dictate who shall fill offices under the State."

MORE BENDERS ARRESTED.

Dubuque, Iowa, May 31.—A young man supposed to be young Bender, a son of the Kansas murderer was arrested in West Liberty, Iowa, and a woman thought to be Mrs. Bender, was arrested at Oxford, Iowa. There seems to be little doubt as to their identity. Both of the parties are held for further developments.

The Beecher Scandal—An Investigation to be Made.

The Brooklyn Eagle says Mr. Beecher and his friends have determined to take definite action in the whole matter of the Bowen, Beecher-Tilton scandal, and that a meeting of the deacons of Plymouth at Church on Friday evening, it was resolved to proceed at once with an investigation.

THE NEW GAME AND FISH LAW.—Many changes were made in the Game and Fish laws during the last session of the Legislature. That our readers may be thoroughly posted on these points, and thus avoid making themselves liable to a prosecution through ignorance of the law, we publish the following summary of the late act defining the time and manner in which fish and game of various kinds may be taken within the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

GAME.

No person shall pursue or kill any deer, save only from the first day of September to the first day of January, in any year. The pursuit of deer with dogs is forbidden at all times. Trapping of deer, except for family use, is also forbidden. The penalty for the violation of the above law is a fine of $50. Any constable or town official may kill any dog that habitually pursues deer, and the owner thereof is liable to a penalty of $10 for each deer or fawn killed by such dog. *Provided*, That so much of this section as prohibits the running of deer with dogs shall not apply to the counties of Centre, Clinton, Fayette, Schuykill and Wyoming.

Gray, Black and Fox Squirrels may be killed only from the first day of July until the first day of January, in each year. The penalty for violation of this act is a fine of $5 for each squirrel killed out of season.

Rabbits may be killed from the first day of October until the first day of February, in any year. The penalty for killing out of season is $5, for each rabbit so killed. Hunting rabbits with a ferret is forbidden under a penalty of $10 for each rabbit so killed.

Wild Turkeys may be killed from the first day of October until the first day of January of each year. The penalty for killing out of season is $10 for each Turkey so killed.

Snipe may be killed from the first day of September until the twentieth day of April of each year. The penalty for killing out of season is $10 for each Snipe so killed.

Woodcock may be killed from the first day of August until the first day of January of any year. Penalty of $10 for each Woodcock killed out of season.

Field Plover may be killed from the first day of August until the first day January. Penalty of $10 for each Plover killed out of season.

No person shall kill, or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any Quail or Virginia Partridge, except only from the first day of November until the first day of January of any year. The penalty for killing out of season is $10 for each Partridge so killed.

No person shall kill or trap or have in their possession after the same is killed, any Robin, Nighthawk, Sparrow, Lark, Swallow, Cat-bird, Blue-bird, or any other insectiverous bird, at any time, under a penalty of $5 for each bird so killed.

No person shall rob or destroy the nest or eggs of any wild bird, excepting such birds as are destructive of game and insectiverous birds, under a penalty of $10 for each offence.

No person shall, at any time or place, take any Wild Turkey, Partridge or Quail, or Woodcock by means of any blind, trap, net or any device whatever, under a penalty of $10 for every bird so taken. *Provided* that nothing in this section shall prevent the trapping of game, for propagation or preservation over winter, from the 20th of December to the 1st day of February next following.

Shooting on Sunday is forbidden under a penalty of $10.

FISH.

No corporation shall throw any culm or coal lirt into any of the waters of this State, under penalty of $50 for each offence, in addition to liability for all damages inflicted.

No person shall at any time catch any speckled trout with any device, save only with hook and line, or place any set-lines in waters inhabited by them, under a penalty for $25 for each offence.

It shall not be lawful for any person to place any set-net across any of the canals, creeks or rivulets, of this State, under a penalty of $25 for each offence.

In any waters of this State inhabited by trout or bass, it shall not be lawful to catch fish with any net the meshes of which shall not be over three inches, under a penalty of $25.

Salmon or speckled trout may be caught from the first day of April until the fifteenth day of August of each year. Penalty for taking out of season, $10.

Any person tresspassing on any preserve or fish pond is liable to a penalty of $100 to the owner, in addition to damages.

Bass and pike may be caught from the first day of June until the first day of March, with a hook and line. The penalty for taking out of season, or in any other manner than by hook or line, $25 for each offence.

No person shall catch any trout, bass or other fish in any of the waters of this state by shutting or drawing small nets or seins therein, when the water shall be partly or wholly drawn off, under a penalty of $25 for each offence.

In all cases where the shooting of game or catching of fish is prohibited in any county or counties, for a fixed term of years, by special act, nothing in the above act shall be constructed to alter or invalidate such special acts.

It shall be the duty of the Mayors and Burgesses of the cities and towns of this Commonwealth, to require their police and constabulary force, and it is hereby made their duty, and also the duty of the clerks of markets of said towns and cities, to search out and arrest all persons violating any of the provisions of this act. Any person having a knowledge of any of these provisions may make information of the same, and one-half of the penalty shall go to the informer.

Sheriff Rinesmith, of Perry county, has been prosecuted for not enforcing the law relative to the removal of fish baskets in the Juniata.

Virginia City, Nev. May 20.—A shooting affray growing out of a game of cards occurred in a saloon in Elda Valley, Lander County, on the 12th inst., in the course of which a desperado named George Childs shot and killed two innocent bystanders named John Duffee and Hugh Scott, and was himself killed instantly by an unknown bystander.

Disturbances took place in Yucatan at the state election there. Many persons were killed More victories over the remnants of Lozada's reble ferce in Jalisce have been gained. Yellow fever is raging Yucatan.

For the Reporter.

Summer School.

We constantly hear people complain, that our summer schools are of little or no value at all. The general talk, is, that the teacher is unqualified, or his morals are corrupt or that his mode of government is incomplete. When the spring of the year approaches, such a person as the one described, presents him or to the public. He makes application for a school visits the parents at their homes. All is well—his desire is accomplished. The first morning of the school arrives the children all flock in—but verily in a short time we hear the same old saying, "the children do not learn anything, but to get rid of them at home, I will send them." This is often the language of the parent. Now the question arises, why are our summer schools of so little value? When we have a poor winter school, the County Supt. and the School Directors must take the brick-batting. But not so here; they as a general rule are not concerned in this matter at all. It is all under the control of the patrons, and they must bear the blame—those who willingly employ the teachers, and no one else but them. Every parent should fully consider this matter before agreeing to let any person take charge of his child, for as a child be trained so will it go. And I do think that parents too often forget that children should have the very best teachers to rule over them. Patrons take too little interest in these summer school affairs: they are too indifferent in making their selection, and even when we get a good teacher his employment is insufficient. We believe that we have some good ones now, and let us approve of them, stand by them in time of need, and if these things will be fully attended to, our summer schools will soon be approved by every one who now depises them. VAL.

For the Reporter.

DEATH OF Frank T. Wolfe.

Frank T. Wolfe, of Miles twp., Centre county, a member of Co. A, 148th P. V., who was killed in the battle of Po River, Va., May 10, 1864, the following lines are composed on his death by J. D. Johnson, Signal Corps, U. S. A., formerly of Co. A, 148th P. V.

Dear friend of my youth, your fair, smiling face
Has vanished from me evermore,
And your soul is now resting in that peaceful place
Where sorrow and war comes no more.

You fell in the contest while facing the foe,
On the field all stained with your gore;
Your bones still unburied on the banks of the Po,
But your battles on earth are all o'er.

Ye friends of my friend do not mourn for him now,
For he is gone to his home of repese;
He fell with these words expressed on his brow,
God forgive me—and also my foes.

He rests, calmly rests, on Po river shore,
Ye strangers tread lightly around;
Disturb not his slumbers, let him rest evermore
Till like him we sleep under ground.

Let no foe approach the spot where he fell,
Nor traitorous hands profane
His sacred dust; let it sweetly rest.
Till summoned to life again.

Farewell, dear friend, in Heaven we shall meet
And march in the columns of God;
War's suffering all o'er, we will kneel at his feet,
And dwell in His blessed abode.

DEATH OF William C. Meyer.

William C. Meyer, of Miles twp., member of Co. A, 148th P. V., who was killed by a shell at the battle of Deep Bottom, August 14, 1864. The following lines are composed on his death by J. D. Johnson, Signal Corps, U. S. A., formerly of Co. A, 148th P. V.

Peaceful be your silent slumbers,
God of mercy watches nigh.
He sends his angels haste in numbers
To guard the spot where you now lie.

How calmly shone thy youthful brow,
When battles raged mid shot and shell.
You onward pressed not thinking how
Your death should come,—no one could tell.

Alas! that blow, that fatal blow,
Soon struck upon a victim dear.
On Bottom Deep, there's a place to show
Where one so loved closed his career.

Dear comrade how we miss your face
When we behold our company's line.
But, thinking of that dreary place
Where your sunbeams have ceased to shine.

At "Chancellorsville," your deeds began,
At "Gettysburg," you fearless stood,
At "Bristoe," saw a victory won,
And "Kelly's Ford" by storm was took.

The "Wilderness," with blood was stained
Which from your veins did warmly flow.
But ah! that place where your remains
Are buried on Deep Bottom low.

Farewell dear friend, no more shall we
Stand up before that foeso bold.
No more shall we your smiling see,
For you are sleeping now so cold.

RETAIL PRICE LIST

OF

JOBBING AND COMMISSION HOUSE

OF BURNSIDE & THOMAS,

Bellefonte, Pa.

2 good Cigars for	5cts
White sugars per pound	13cts
Demarara sugar per pound	13cts
Rio coffee	25cts
Arbuckles brown coffee per pound	30cts
Best washing soaps per pound	6, 7 & 8cts
Best starch per pound	10cts
Best bright Navy tobacco per pound	50cts
Best Black Navy tobacco	50cts
" double thick and bright and black	35cts
Fine cut chewing tobacco per pound	80cts
Best sugar-cured Hams per pound	17cts
No. 1 black pepper per pound	30cts
Molasses per gallon	60cts
Large size dairy Salt per sack	15cts
Molasses per gallon	60cts

Coal oil in 5 gal. lots 35cts. per gallon best article.

Mackeral without heads and all kind of mackeral and Herring at city prices.

Double X X white, drips 80cts per gallon, in 5 gallon lots 6cts a gallon less.

* 1000 other articles too numerous to mention, cheap. Men's stogies, heavy shoes at $1.35 per pair. They have the largest and cheapest stock of goods ever offered to the public. If you want to

SAVE 20 TO 50 PER CENT.

GO TO BURNSIDE & THOMAS

opposite the Bush House. All kinds of whole packages at less prices.

EDWARD J. EVANS & CO.,
NURSERYMEN & SEEDSMEN,
York, Pa.

Catalogues Mailed to Applicants

Refer (by permission) to
Hon. J. S. Black, Washington, D. C.,
Weiser, Son & Carl, Bankers, York, Pa.
june 5-6m.

FIGHT IN A CHURCH.

A Mixture of Ice Cream, Jellies, and Africans.

New York, May 30.—The congregation of the Methodist Episcopal church at Dean street and Schenectady avenue, Brookyn, held their May festival in the church last evening. About midnight, while the congregation were singing psalms, one of the sisters felt aggrieved at some remark of one of the breathern. A male friend of the woman sought out the aggressor, and from words they came to blows, and in a short time a general fight ensued. Chairs and tables were overturnd, and soon the floor was covered with a rolling and struuggling mass of men and women, intermingled with capsized ice cream, cakes and jellies of all kinds. The police were called, but before they succeeded in separating the combatants, two of the force were knocked down. Nearly all the breathren and sisters were then marched to the station house.

The Hon. F. B. Gowen, delegate at large to the Constitutional Convention, retires from it on account of engrossing occupations and delicate health, which would interfere with his continued attendance. The withdrawal of a man of his signal ability would be a great loss to any deliberate body. The vacancy is to be filled by the Democratic delegates at large.

Gen. Grant now gets $50,000 per year, and half his time he is pleasure seeking around the country. This reminds us of a Dutchman who was shown a picture of the Washington monument, and asked to subscribe towards its completion. "No" said the Dutchman, "I gifs no one cent, I sees no use for to build a house mit such big schimbly." We don't see see any use having a President like Grant with such a big salary.

Which are the worst, the congressional salary grabbers or the Pennsylvania legislature, $500 extra pay salary grabbers, of 1871? Say?

Capt Jack has surrendered and this ends the Modoc war.

ORPHANS COURT SALE!!

By virtue of an order of the Orphans Court of Centre county, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on TUESDAY, JUNE 10th, next, at 2 o'cl'k

VALUABLE FARM OF 220 ACRES!

known as the property of Henry Rothrock, Sr., deceased, situated about three miles east of Bellefonte. Every foot of this property is tillable and under fence.

170 ACRES are Cleared, and in good state of cultivation. The balance consists of Fifty Acres of

ORIGINAL PINE AND OAK TIMBER

Upon the property are beds of iron ore, cement and limestone. It will be sold in two or three parts if desired, and private bids will be received until the day of sale.

Terms of Sale: One-third to remain in the premises as dowry according to the will of the deceased; one-third to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the remainder in one year thereafter with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

NANCY A. ROTHROCK,
JOHN HOFFER.

CENTRE HALL

COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may22 tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

UTICA
STEAM ENGINE
CO.

(FORMERLY WOOD & MANN.)

STATIONARY & PORTABLE
Steam Engines.

The Best & Most Complete Assortment in the Market.

These Engines have always maintained the very highest standard of excellence. We make the manufacture of Engines, Boilers and Saw Mills a specialty. We have the largest and most complete works of the kind in the country, with machinery specially adapted to the work.

We keep constantly in process large numbers of Engines, which we furnish at the very lowest prices and on the shortest notice. We build Engines specially adapted to Mines, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Tanneries, Cotton Gins, Threshers and all classes of manufacturing.

We are now building the celebrated Lane Circular Saw Mill, the best and most complete saw mill ever invented.

We make the manufacture of Saw Mill outfits a special feature of our business, and can furnish complete on the shortest notice.

Our aim in all cases is to furnish the best machinery in the market, and work absolutely unequaled for beauty of design, economy and strength. Send for Circular and Price List.

UTICA STEAM ENGINE CO.
UTICA, N. Y.

DR S. G. GUTELIUS,
Dentist, Millheim.

Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth *absolutely without pain.* my8-73-tf.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of John Love, late of Potter twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who request all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.

ELIZ. H. LOVE,
OLIVER K. LOVE,
may 15 6t Adm'rs.

The following is the decision of Chief Justice Thompson, of this State, in a recent case respecting gambling: "Anything which induces men to risk their money and property without any hope of return but to get for nothing any given amount from another, is gambling, and demoralizing to the community, no matter by what name it may be called. It is the same whether the promise be to pay on the color of a card or the fleetness of a horse, and the same numerals indicate how much is lost or won in either case and the losing party has received just as much money in one case as the other parted with, viz:—nothing at all. The lucky winner is of course the gainer, and he will continue so until fickle fortune, in due time, makes him feel the woes he has inflicted on others. All gambling is immoral. I apprehend that the losses incident to the practice disclosed within the past five years have contributed more to the failures and embezzlements by public officers, clerks, agents and others, acting in fiduciary relation, public and private, than any other known, or perhaps all other known, or perhaps all other causes; and the worst of it is a vast amount of misery and suffering by persons entirely guiltless of any participation in the cause of it."

Postmasters will not, under any circumstances, be permited to reduce or exchange postal cards that may be misdirected, spoiled in printing or otherwise renderd unfit for use in the hands of private holders.

REPUBLIC OF SPAIN.

Barcelona, May 22.—Later dispatches received here from Sanahuja state that 10 of the volunteers who surrendered to the Carlists were butchered in the streets, and the fate of 44 other prisoners is unknown, and it is believed that they too have been murded. The atrocities of the insurgents caused immense excitement here. The militia assembled at their armories and demanded that the Carlists be held as prisoners in this city to be given up to them for execution, in retaliation for the cruelties committed by the insurgents at Sanahuja. The authorities refused to surrender the prisoners, and transferred them to a fortress in the harbor to save them from the wrath of the militia.

It is probable that a number of well-known Carlist sympathizers in Barcelona will be arrested and held as hostages for the safe return of the volunteers now in the hands of the insurrectionists.

A levy *en masse* upon the population for forces to operate against the insurgents is expected to be ready shortly.

Gen. Valarde has issued a proclamation calling all males between 14 and 16 years of age in the Republican columns, and threatening the infliction of heavy penalties upon all municipalities which shall thwart its operation.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1,95, Red 190.... Rye..... 75.....Corn 60 ....Oats 35.....Barley 70.....Clo'ersed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45. Lard per pound 7.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 20. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS

White wheat 1,85....Red wheat 1,80....Rye 70.....Corn 40.....Oats 35.....Barley 60..... Cloverseed 5,00.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 50 per sack,..... Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 25... Eggs 25.....Plaster 9 50

15,000 BOLTS
OF
WALL PAPER!

Now on exhibition at Millheim and Milroy Hardware Stores. About 85 different patterns.

PRICES RANGING FROM 10 CENTS TO $1.00 PER BOLT.

Beautiful Gilt Paper at one dollar
Panel Paper and Parlor
Decorations.

A reasonable credit will be given to responsible parties for paper, for 5 per cent. deducted from prices for cash. Prices are the same at both Stores.

apr 3 4m. W. J. M'MANIGAL.

Great Reduction In Prices Of
Note Paper.

We are now prepared to furnish Note paper at prices far below any that have ever before been offered at retail in this county.

Best quality Commercial note paper at 15 cts per quire
Second best do at 12 cts per quire
Third best do at 10 cts per quire

Purchasers will find this to be of the same quality heretofore sold in this place for 25, 20, and 15 cts per quire, but having bought our paper at extremely low figures, we desire to give our customers the full benefit of the reduction.

Look At This!!
Initial Paper With Chromo!

French Initial paper 15 cts per box
Plain white " 20 " "
Rose tint " 25 " "
Two tints " 40 " "

With a handsome chromo given away with each 40 cent box.

JAMES WELCH & CO.,
20 mar tf Opposite Bush House.

NE PLUS ULTRA.

No Better Place!

The subscriber is just receiving from the eastern cities a Full Stock of

SUMMER GOODS

which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of

DRY GOODS and

Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Woll Flannels. Ladies' Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Sateens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.

NOTIONS:

A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino Hose, Collars, Kid gloves, best quality silk and Lisle thread Gloves, Hoods, Nubias, Breakfast shawls, &c.

HATS & CAPS,

A full assortment of Men's Boy's and Children's of the latest style and best.

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Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.

BOOTS & SHOES,

WM. WOLF.

RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,

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The proprietor of Ryndor's Music Store desires to call the attention of the people of Centre county, to the fac that they

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by purchasing their musical instruments ot Ryndor's Music Store. We are selling

Double Reed, Six Stop, Five Octavo Organs, at $140,

(superior in tone and finish, to those that are hawked and peddled throughout the country at $175 to $200.) These we warrant for five years. We give any reasonable credit desired to responsible parties.

We beg leave to call your attention to the following instruments, sold in Pennsvalley this year, which you would do well to examine before purchasing elsewhere:

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In a few weeks we will call attention to our

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In short by writing a letter to us and getting our prices—we deliver all instruments—

You Can Save From $40 to $60 on an Organ.

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RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE, Lock Haven, Pa

I. Guggenheimer.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe-findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of

SPLENDID NEW GOODS,

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READY MADE CLOTHING,

DRESS GOODS,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

AND FANCY ARTICLES

and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.

P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in LEATHER AND SHOE-FINDINGS, CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEEDS, in the old room, where he may alway be found. 12ap.tf.

C. F. Herlacher N. Cronmiller.

NEW GOODS!

FRESH ARRIVAL

OF

GOODS!!!

HERLACHER & CRONMILLER

Wish to inform the citizens of Potter that they have opened an entire new stock of goods in their old quarters, and will keep constantly on hand a full and good assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
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and all other kinds of
DRESS GOODS,
full line of
NOTIONS and FANCY Goods
Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes
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TEAS, COFFEES,
FISH, SALT,
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All of which we offer at greatly reduced prices.

Highest prices paid for country produce. By strict attention to business we hope to merit and receive the patronage of the public

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Spring Opening of
Bonnets, Trimmings, Millinery, at
MISS LUCY DEININGER'S

In Centre Hall, who just returned from Philadelphia, with the LATEST FASHIONS, and

Farm, Garden and Household.

Stray Farm Notes.

First-class farmers are gathering first-class crops this spring, that is, crops of manure.

A member of the Elmira Farmers' Club, declares that the discussions of that live body have been worth to him hundreds of dollars.

A paper gives the following advice: "Take good care of the hired men and horses. Let them have plenty to eat and sufficient time to rest, but while at work keep them lively."

An English farm item is to the effect that a tenant was fined $2.50 and costs for endeavoring to catch a rabbit that had taken refuge on adjoining property, said rabbit having destroyed 2,000 cabbage plants.

An English writer, speaking from experience, recommends the protection of trees from teeth of rabbits, sheep, or larger stock, by tacking loosely around the stems galvanized wire netting, say of 1½ or 2-inch mesh.

There are 10,000,000 cows in the United States, or, one to four persons. These cows do not yield on an average more than 50 pounds of butter each, and therefore, the quantity per individual is only 12½ pounds a year, or about two-thirds of an ounce a day.

The Practical Farmer gives the following average for last season of the number of pounds of milk required at the Worth Factory in Pennsylvania to make one pound of cheese in each month: April, 9.47; May, 8.93; June, 8.85; July, 9.09; August, 8.97; September, 8.49; October, 7.61; November, 7.03.

There is no cure for any such cannibal propensity among hens as eating eggs or each others feathers but summary execution. In most cases, however, it may be prevented by feeding fresh meat or offal from the butchers, and leaving no frozen eggs in the nest, and feeding no egg shells. As soon as a hen is discovered breaking eggs let her be made a swift example of before she teaches the trick to others.

Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., writes to *The Practical Farmer* that as the result of much experience and observation in the matter, he would never think of constructing a stable without putting a manure cellar under it, unless in a case where the lay of the land might make the plan impracticable. "It saves labor; it saves manure; and it does *not* make a bad odor in the stable. All that is needed is to ventilate the cellar in some other way than through the stable—and this it is very easy to do."

The expense of building a cheese factory sufficient for the milk of 300 cows would be $3,000 to $4,000, according to the style of architecture. The internal fittings would cost from $1,000 to $1,200, or within a trifle as much as for a factory suitable for twice as many cows. It is a question if a factory for 300 cows would pay expenses for the reason that the building, fitting, and superintendence would require an outlay nearly as great as one able to turn out twice or thrice the product.

The question as to whether sheep should be washed before shearing is again to the front. Various opinions are given; some think they ought to keep up the standard of honesty, others that it is best to half wash, others favor no washing, but it is agreed by all it would be wise for farmers to unite and either wash or not wash. As things stand at present he who does not wash, or who washes poorly makes most profit, because, as is alleged, buyers seldom can tell the washed from the unwashed, being instructed to pay a certain price, or not beyond it, and they are not particular. If they would actually pay for washed wool what it is really worth the case would be different.

The cause of a cow giving bloody milk may be the result of inflammation of the udder, the formation of a tumor upon some of the lacteal or milk vessels in consequence of inflammation arising from various causes; or it may result from rapid driving or chasing by dogs when the udder is filled with milk, or from a blow or bruise. If from the first mentioned causes it might possibly be remedied by giving one pound of Epsom salts with one ounce of ginger, and bathing the udder where hard spots may be found with warm water, accompanied with gentle rubbing, and drawing the milk three times a day. If it arises from the last-mentioned causes, their immediate suspension will probably work an early cure.

Ringing Hogs.

R. N. Pendleton writes: I see in the report of the proceedings of the Farmers' Club, that you recommend ringing hogs to prevent their rooting. Please tell me the method you would adopt. About five weeks ago I turned seven shoats and pigs on a good piece of sod. I procured from a tinner about a yard of wire about the size of a knitting-needle, and cut it into pieces about four inches long; then I took an awl and made a hole through the snout, ran the wire through, bent it round a small iron rod so as to make a ring about an inch in diameter; twisted the ends and filed them off. They have all gotten the rings out but one. They managed to work them through the gristle, in several cases tearing them out, and now are rooting as much as ever. What kind of rings do you use? Are there rings made especially for this purpose, and if so, where can they be gotten?

F. D. Curtis—The rings of our correspondent were too large in diameter, and the wire too small. The ring should be just large enough to clear the edge of the hog's snout, and no larger, or they will catch fast and tear out as his did. Small wire will cut through the gristle much sooner and easier than larger. Another thing, the twist of the ring must not be long, or it will catch fast and hinder the pig from eating. A better material than wire is to have a blacksmith make the rings out of railroad iron, with a hole punched in one end and the other pointed to pass through it and fasten with a twist. The iron should be flattened and put through the snout with the flat side crosswise. This sort of ring will not tear out easily. Insert the rings at the bottom or base of the rim around the snout, and they will hold much longer. Heat the wire before using, and it will bend and twist much better.

Triple Team.

For using three horses abreast we have an ordinary double-tree, but as long as two singletrees; to each end of this attach a singletree by a small clevis or otherwise; now make an iron bar about 1½ by ¼ inch, and 8 inches long; punch three holes, one at each end, and one two inches from the first, and one four inches from the second; weld links in the first and second holes; this bar stands upright behind the doubletree; now attach the doubletree by clevis to link in first hole, attach the plow to link in second hole, and attach the middle singletree to the third or upper hole by a piece of chain or rod, so that the middle singletree will be as far forward as the others; now hitch each horse to his own singletree. In answer to Mr. Parmalee, I would say throw the plow toward the furrow by means of the clevis, or by shifting the beam on the standard, or both otherwise.

Wood Ashes.

A correspondent of the *Iowa Homestead* finds wood ashes, after fifteen years' use, to be worth a dollar per bushel for dressing fruit trees. Some years ago a nurseryman of Ontario county, New York, informed us that a good dressing of ashes had doubled the growth of his young pear-trees, as compared with the growth of trees without the ashes. Others have made as favorable reports. Yet the results vary in different localities and soils. We have applied ashes to young pear-trees in the same way precisely as the nurseryman just stated, with no visible result. While, therefore, they are generally more or less useful, the benefit must be determined by trial in each locality.

There never was a more touching story than that of the little Birmingham girl who, hearing that the cemetery was flooded, crept out of her bed early in the morning and was soon found, waist deep in water, weeping over her mother's grave. The little thing feared that the grave would be washed away.

The Laces of a Princess.

What it Costs to Supply a Russian Noblewoman's Wardrobe—Laces Two Hundred Years of Age.

The suit of Madame Olga de Maluta Fraloff against the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, which was first begun in February, 1870, in the United States Circuit Court in the Southern District of New York, is again on the calendar for trial. This case presents some points of singular and romantic interest. It may be remembered that the plaintiff's attorneys sued the railroad company for $75,000 damages for the loss of certain laces or lace dresses taken from the trunks or baggage of the Baroness de Fraloff while on a journey from Albany to Niagara in November, 1869. The case was tried but was not decided in February, 1870, the jury disagreeing as to the amount of damages which should be paid by the company, six deciding in favor of the full amount claimed by the plaintiff, and six varying in their opinion from $1,000 to $5,000.

In her deposition the lady said: "My name is Olga de Maluta de Fraloff. My maiden name is Manzireff. I am a resident of Russia and have estates in different countries. My husband is in the active army of Russia, a colonel of dragoons, of the Cavalry of the Grand Duchess Catherine. I think he has been made a general lately.

"I am of the highest and oldest aristocracy of Russia, of the Princes of Tartary. I am the adopted daughter of the Princess Manzireff, my aunt, now dead."

She said the lost laces were inherited from her grandmother and four aunts. They were all antiques. None were of a mesh or pattern now made. They were all from two to two and a half centuries old.

"I left six of my trunks in London, and brought six with me. I had many valuables besides my jewels, such as cashmere shawls, fur cloaks, Siberian sables, a toilet of ermine furs, and one of astrakan, a white cashmere opera cloak embroidered with gold, and twelve or fourteen hats from Paris, dresses of velvet, of silk, and of muslin. Several handsome silk dresses, made in Paris, ready for the laces to be sewed on them when worn. My dresses were always made in that manner. I also had six dozen pairs of dress kid gloves and four dozen pairs of riding and traveling gloves.

"I valued the laces at $200,000. I had the laces complete for five different dresses. Each set peculiar, and all its laces complete for the skirt, corsage, hair, and mantilla, and for some tunics, and for others, points or scarfs.

The lady described the six dresses she wore as follows:—

"My bridal dress had three flounces. Each flounce was two feet in width. It was of Mechlin lace; sometimes through mistake called regency lace. I do not mean it was made in Mechlin, not by any means. It was of the Mechlin mesh, antique Malines it is sometimes called. There was in this set all the laces for the corsage, the hair, and mantilla.

"The second dress was of old point d'Angleterre. Two flounces, a cape or fichu, and some smaller laces. It was of the Elizabethan period. The Queen of England is the only person in the world who has any lace like it.

"The third dress was of Flemish lace, also very old, two flounces two and a half feet wide, also laces for the corsage, mantilla and hair. The small laces of this set were very valuable.

"The next dress had five flounces of point d'Alencon, not modern point, nor the point which was revived by Napoleon I., but the antique lace made two hundred years ago, first in Alencon.

"The fourth dress was of some Russian lace, like that made in the lace schools of Russia established by Peter the Great.

"The fifth dress was of Flemish lace, and the laces of the sixth dress were similar, but I am not sure they were of the Flemish stitch."

New York lace experts who had seen and examined the dresses confirm her statements as to the quality and value of the laces, and the loss is heavy even to a Russian princess.

Unaired Chambers.

The following sensible advice is given us by a correspondent in the *Country Gentleman*:

"I pass some houses in every town whose windows might as well be sealed in with the walls for any purpose they have but to let in the light. They are never opened, summer or winter. In winter it is too cold; in the summer the flies stray in, or, if they are netted, the dust sifts through the nets. Now, I can tell a person who inhabits such chambers when I pass him in the street—there is such a smell about his clothing. I always wish for a sniff of cologne, or hartshorn, or burnt feathers, or something of the sort, to take the taste out. A house that is never aired has every nook and corner filled with stale odors of cooked meats, boiled vegetables, especially cabbage and onions, which, as the weeks go by, literally reek in their hiding places.

"Who has not wished sometimes to hang a new servant's clothing out of doors some frosty night until it should be thoroughly aired? But I have seen the fine ladies come sweeping into church with their velvets and silks, when said velvets and silks gave unmistakable evidence of having been housed in just such shut-up chambers. Oh, what a tale that odor of pork and cabbage tells about the lady's style of housekeeping! The very garments of the children tell the same story of uncleanliness. It is bad to have unwashed clothes, but there may be an excuse for it. But what excuse can there be for unaired ones, when air is so cheap and free? There is death in such unaired chambers. Better a swarm of flies or a cloud of dust, better frost and snow in a room, than these intolerable smells. Dear girls, the first thing in the morning, when you are ready to go down stairs, throw open your windows, take apart the clothing of your beds, and let the air blow through it as hard as it will. There is health and wealth in such a policy. It helps to keep away the doctors with long bills. It helps to make your eyes sparkle and to make your cheeks glow, and to make others love your presence. Girls who live in those close, shut-up rooms, can only be tolerated at the best in any circle."

Wholesale Executions in China.

The *Temps*, in its Indo-Chinese correspondence, reports a horrible fact which marked the surrender to the imperial troops of a city occupied by the rebels. Sin-Cheff, which had long been in the hands of the insurgents, has fallen into the power of the army. Though but little blood was shed during the siege, after the capitulation all the defenders, to the number of six hundred, were beheaded, although they had surrended voluntarily. An English adventurer in the service of the Chinese army, and at the same time the correspondent for the Shangai *Courier*, was present at the execution. All the victims died courageously, exclaiming to their butchers that their death would be avenged by their children. Some of them were unwilling to wait for that period, and threw themselves upon the soldiers, of whom they succeeded in killing four and wounding several with poignards they had concealed in their sleeves.

Debts of Nations.

It is a moderate estimate in Europe that the world is in debt nationally to the extent of 20,925,000,000 of our dollars. The average rate of interest is four and a half per cent., and hence these nations pay nearly $942,000. As a general rule, the nation which owes most money is the best treated. Great Britain owes, in pounds sterling, 790,000,000; France 748,000,000; United States 440,000,000; Italy 360,000,000; Russia 355,000,000; Austria 306,000,000; Spain 261,000,000; and Turkey 124,000,000. The greatest borrower of all these—viz: Great Britain, is certainly the best trusted, and only has to pay at the rate of three or four per cent. interest, while the two of the borrowers who borrow least are the least to be depended upon, and have to pay their eight or nine per cent.

Under the Falls of Niagara.

A Thrilling Description of the Great Wonder of Nature.

Prof. Youman's gives us a description of a visit under the Niagara Falls. He says:—

We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom my guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds, or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge bowlders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, "This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far toward the Horseshoe."

He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen bowlders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, "Now come on."

I entered the water. Even where it was not more than knee-deep its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon the back. Further struggle was impossible; and, feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself toward the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallow water.

The oil cloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and, standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centers of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but, taking everything into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron it might have helped me; but, as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but, by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. "No traveler," he said, "was ever here before." Soon afterward, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

We clambered over the bowlders toward the thickest spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen; we were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep, resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shield my eyes with my hands, and look upward; but the defense was useless. My guide continued to move on, but at a certain place he halted, and desired me to take shelter in his lee and observe the cataract. The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the shattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges remained to some extent clear. On looking upward over the guide's shoulder I could see the water bending over the ledge, while the Terrapin Tower loomed fitfully through the intermittent spraygusts. We were right under the tower. A little further on, the cataract, after its first plunge, hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray; through this we staggered. We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands and pushed, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the Horseshoe, until the bowlders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara River.

Here my guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up; I did so, and could see, as before, the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared. An eminent friend of mine often speaks to me of the mistake of those physicians who regard man's ailments as purely chemical, to be met by chemical remedies only. He contends for the psychological element of cure. By agreeable emotions, he says, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate blood, brain, and viscera. The influence from ladies' eyes enables my friend to thrive on dishes which would kill him if eaten alone. A sanative effect of the same order I experienced amid the spray and thunder of Niagara. Quickened by the emotions there aroused, the blood sped exultingly through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, on the most relentless and unreasonable foe. Apart from its scientific value, and purely as a moral agent, the play, I submit, is worth the candle. My companion knew no more of me than I enjoyed the wildness; but, as I bent in the shelter of his large frame, he said, "I should like to see you attempting to describe all this." He rightly thought it indescribable. The name of this gallant fellow was Thomas Conroy.

We returned, clambering at intervals up and down so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by the falling together of the summits of the rocks. At length we found ourselves beside our enemy of the morning. My guide halted for a minute or two, scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveler had ever thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope. He waded in. The struggle to keep himself erect was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself flat in the water toward the bank, and was swept into the shallows. Standing in the stream near its edge he stretched his arms toward me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the bowlders. By wading some way in, the staff could be made to reach him, and I proposed his seizing it. "If you are sure," he replied, "that, in case of giving way, you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you." I waded in, and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. Thus helped, though its onset was strong, I moved safely into the torrent. All danger ended here. We afterward roamed sociably among the torrents and bowlders below the Cave of the Winds. The rocks were covered with organic slime which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the bowlders, and then along a narrow ledge to the point eaten deepest into the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot; but, when we were there, a blinding hurricane of spray was whirled against us. On the evening of the same day, I went behind the water on the Canada side, which, I confess, struck me, after the experience of the morning, as an imposture.

The Richmond Duel,

What it was About--The Parties Seriously Wounded.

The particulars of the duel near the city of Richmond, Va., between John B. Mordecai and Page McCarthy, in which both were seriously if not fatally wounded, are now given. Both men occupied good positions in society and belonged to the same club. A German was given by the club, and in dancing McCarthy was placed in a set *vis a vis* with a young lady with whom he had been friends in their youth, but they had since been estranged, and up to the time of the German did not speak to or recognize each other. The lady had either to give McCarthy the cut direct or dance with him. She chose the latter alternative, and former kind relations were to all appearances once more established.

Shortly after this a Richmond paper contained the following:—

THE FIRST FIGURE IN "THE GERMAN."

An Epigram.

We have received for publication the following from a loving swain, who doubtless has been kicked by his sweetheart:

When Mary's queenly form I press
In Strauss's latest waltz,
I would as well her lips caress,
Although those lips be false.

For still with fire Love tips his dart,
And kindles up anew
The flames which once consumed my heart
When those dear lips were true.

Of form so fair, of faith so faint,
If truth were only in her,
Though she'd be then the sweetest saint,
I'd still feel like a sinner.

The lines were discussed in the club, and Mordecai inquired who was their author, and added that if the intent was to ridicule the young lady, whom some deemed to be alluded to, the writer was a scoundrel, a poltroon, and a coward. McCarthy, who was present, avowed himself the author, and an altercation then and there was only prevented by the suggestion that a duel was the more satisfactory way of settling the difficulty.

The duel was arranged, after a fisticuff fight in which McCarthy was knocked down, and McCarthy was the challenging party. The scene of the meeting was a secluded spot on the line of the York River Railroad, and about half a mile from Blakey's Mill. Both parties had their friends with them, and physicians were near at hand in case of need.

Mordecai and McCarthy were both perfectly cool and collected, says a Richmond paper: neither showed the least sign of agitation or slightest mark of excitement, and when placed in position faced each other in a manner that indicated their determination to make a desperate fight. There was absolutely no advantage in position, though the choice had fallen to Mr. McCarthy. They stood on a line running north and south, and the sun, just sinking in the west, fell aslant of each of them.

The words were to be, "Are you ready?" "Fire" ... "one," "two," "three." The words "Are you ready?" were slowly and distinctly uttered by Mr. Tabb, and responses came promptly and clearly from Mordecai and McCarthy, "Ready." Then, as Tabb said, "Fire!" the two pistols were raised, and steady aim taken. At the word "two" both fired, and so nearly together in point of time that it seemed as if only one weapon had been discharged. As the smoke cleared away both parties were observed standing quietly in place.

It being apparent that his adversary was unhurt, Mr. McCarthy demanded another fire. Mr. Mordecai readily acceded, and the same instructions as to firing as before were given the principals. They fired this time between "two" and "three," and both fell simultaneously, Mordecia turned to the right, as if about to raise his foot from the ground, then half fell and toppled over upon his side. McCarthy fell forward like a statue pushed down from behind. His feet scarcely moved from their tracks, and he went to the earth face foremost. Surgeons were immediately sent for, and Drs. Hunter McGuire and J. Dorsey Cullen in a few seconds appeared upon the scene. It was at first thought that Mordecai was dying, and the seconds, without the exchange of any special formalities, came to the conclusion that the matter had gone far enough. Mordecai, however, offered to give McCarthy another shot, but the seconds would not permit it.

Society and Fashion.

The hair is worn pretty snarly about the face.

Short sleeves are extinct "even in full dress!"

Some New York belles are wearing suits of Turkish toweling.

Mousseline ribbon wears better than gros grain, females say.

Powdered hair is again in fashion. Blonde and white are the favorite styles.

Fancy jewelry is much worn on the street again, which is in very bad taste.

Wide and very long sashes of colored grenadine will be worn this summer.

Bonnets and jockeys are suspended at some distance over the weaver's head.

The custom of displaying wedding presents has gone completely out of fashion.

Materials formed of alternate stripes of satin and velvet are very fashionable for skirts.

Colored ribbons about the neck, with a bow in front with diamonds thereon, are much worn in full dress.

The ladies are wearing what is known as the snow-ball veil. It is of black lace, dotted with white, and very becoming.

Young married ladies captivate their husbands by wearing coquettish morning caps when presiding at the "dove-cote mututinals."

The "swellest" thing in the way of acceptances and regrets are engraved after the fashion of wedding cards, with blanks left for name and dates.

Young ladies who have grandmothers ransack their ancestral treasures for high tortoise shell combs, and if they find them stick them in their back hair, and straightway rejoice exceedingly.

Curious Story About a Hawk.

A curious incident occurred a few days since a short distance from Baltimore, a local paper says: One of our well-known merchants had gone out on a visit to a friend, at whose house there was a bright little boy, and one day, to please the child, he manufactured a very large kite, and as the wind was strong enough, the kite was raised at once. After it had gone up nearly half a mile, a large crowd of country people collected to admire it, as such a magnificent toy had never been seen in that section before. While the spectators were admiring it, a very large hawk was seen to fly slowly out of a neighboring grove and go directly toward the kite. The hawk approached within a few feet of the strange looking object, and then circled about under it for perhaps five minutes, when he flew just above it and again circled around several times. Suddenly he hovered directly over the kite, and after looking at it intently for a short time, darted downward, and striking the paper, passed directly through the kite, coming out on the other side. After this strange experience, which no doubt puzzled the hawk vastly, he flew off a short distance for reflection, but still keeping the kite in view. Not being disposed to give it up so, he quickly returned to the charge, and this time fastened on the long string of rags that were used as a tail to the kite, which he tore and scattered in the air in a savage manner. Finding, however, no resistance on the part of the kite, he became disgusted or scared, and flew away toward the woods whence he came. The gentleman says that whenever the hawk made an attack he would retreat a little, as if he expected the strange bird was going to return the assault.

The widow of the late Gen. John E. Wood, died lately at the age of eighty-six.

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SCROFULA, the dreaded, yet wide-spread Scourge of the Human Race, can be cured by Dr. Jayne's Alterative; it overcomes the disease thoroughly by driving it from the system.

A Murderer's Confession.

He Expiates his Crime on the Gallows.

"Well, Luigi, what statement would you like given to the world?" asked a reporter of the New Jersey murderer, just before his execution.

"I'll tell you all. I'm going to die, and I shall die content. I hope that God will forgive every one who has conspired against me, as I forgive them. I had not the least intention of killing my wife, for I loved her from my heart. I wanted her to come back and live with me again, and, when I assured her of my love, she told me she didn't love me, and would never live with me again. I took my friend Mazzaloni with me, who had known her from childhood, thinking he would have more influence than I. He talked to Bariolti, and Bariolti said he would send her back in a few days, and I said I was satisfied. Then I went to talk with her again, and my love became so strong that I wanted her to go with me at once. Then she began to abuse me, and struck at me with a knife, which cut through my vest and shirts and into my flesh. At this I became crazed, and seized the knife and gave her one blow—only one blow. I don't know anything about the other cut she had. I became dizzy, and my head spun round like a top, and Bariotto struck me with a shoe-hammer. I didn't see her run out of the house. Bariotto is a bad man—he is a thief and a perjured villian. He came to see me lately and I forgave him, for I want to die at peace with every one. I have no hard feeling against him. He was alone with me, and I could have had vengeance—vengeance!

Here Luigi's eyes glistened, and taking up a fork he showed how he could have disposed of Bariotto.

"I have braved death for six months in Garibaldi's army, and I am not afraid of it now, but I do not like the manner of my death, as it will injure my friends in Italy, and they will be pointed as relations of the Italian who was hung in America. I am not afraid to die, but I would die more happily if I thought my sentence was just and right. Though I knew my wife had a bad character, I loved her, and had her day and night in my mind. The jury said, 'Hang him!' 'hang him!' but I forgive them, and hope, if they are ever jurors in another case, they'll be more conscientious."

The Circus.

I once heard a bright child declare that if circuses were prohibited in heaven she did not wish to go there. She had been baptized, was under Christian influences, and previous to this heterodoxy, had never given her good parents a moment's anxiety. Her naive utterance touched a responsive chord within my own breast, for well did I remember gow gloriously the circus shone by the light of other days; how the ring master, in a wrinkled dress coat seemed the most enviable of mortals, being on speaking terms with all the celestial creatures who jumped over flags and through balloons; how the clown was the dearest, funniest of men; how the athletes, in tights and spangles, were my beau ideals of masculinity; and how La Bella Rose, with one foot upon her native heath, otherwise a well-padded saddle, and the other pointed in the direction of the sweet little cherubs that sat up aloft, was the most fascinating of her sex. I am persuaded that circuses fill an aching void in the universe. What children did before their invention I shudder to think, for circuses are to childhood what butter is to bread; and what the world did before the birth of the showman is an almost equally frightful problem. Some are born to shows, others attain shows, and yet again others have shows thrust upon them. Barnum is a born showman. With the majority of men and women life is a failure. Not until one's leg dangles in the grave is their *raison d'etre* disclosed. The round people always find themselves in the square holes, and *vice versa;* but with Barnum we need not deplore a *vie manquee.* We can smile at his reverses, for even the phœnix has cause to blush in his presence. Though pursued by tongues of fire, Barnum remains invincible when iron, stone and mortar crumble around him, and while yet the smoke is telling volumes of destruction the cheery voice of the showman exclaims, "Here you are, gentlemen; admission fifty cents, children half price."—*Kate Field.*

A Mysterious Noise.

W. A. M. reports that he recently heard a succession of strange crackling noises out of doors at night; and had great difficulty in finding the cause. The sounds came from some fallen walnut tree leaves, and he naturally expected to find that some species of insect caused the leaves to rustle. "At the exact spot where I examined, I closely watched the *modus operandi* and saw the dry, brown leaves gradually curling open, moving like little automata; one, opening, would touch another, and that in turn rolled open, with the peculiar rustling sound that had at first attracted my attention. But there was no worm there. What then was the power that carried on this general movement? Upon meditating a little, the truth flashed upon me; it was simply that the day had been remarkably warm for an April day, and the heat of the sun had warped the leaves, curling them up like a voluta; but as the sun set, the northeast wind had blown the clouds and moisture from the Atlantic, and, coming in contact with the dry leaves, had caused them to uncurl. Thinking that some motion would accelerate their movement, I stamped upon the ground, and immediately the whole garden seemed alive with motion. The occurrence seemes of small account, but it illustrates in a perfectly natural way the force and effects of variations in temperature."

A despatch from Yreka says that C. Burgess has seen Bogus Charlie on the Upper Klamath, who said he knew nothing about the contemplated massacre of the Commissioners, and that there were thirty Modocs left, who would fight until the last man was killed.

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The Execution of Nixon.

He Expiates his Crime on the Gallows.

Michael Nixon, who was executed in the New York Tombs for murder, was a bill-poster, and was driving a wagon down the Bowery into Chatham-square. On reaching the square his progress was impeded by the man he murdered, an inoffensive truckman named Charles S. Phyfer, residing in Williamsburgh. Phyfer was riding a gray horse which had a whiffletree fastened across its hames. Nixon ordered Phyfer to clear the way, and the latter refused to quit the line in which he had a right. Nixon stood up in his wagon, and drawing a revolver, deliberately aimed and fired at Phyfer, who, shot through the head, fell from his horse, dead. Nixon rapidly drove away, but was arrested an hour afterwards in his residence. He was tried before Judge Brady, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, and convicted. His counsel used every effort in his behalf, but without avail. Nixon has not been unprepared for the final result of these legal efforts to defeat the law. His spiritual adviser, Father Duranquet, who for many years has visited condemned criminals in the City Prison, spared no effort to reconcile him to his ultimate fate, and Nixon was perfectly resigned, as far as a man can be resigned, to yield up his life.

On the night before the execution Nixon's family visited him in prison. The sheriffs and keepers instinctively withdrew, and the condemned man and his wife sat together by the stove in the main corridor of the prison. Nixon pressed his wife's right hand for a minute or two but did not say anything. Then Mrs Nixon began crying bitterly, and Nixon, as if to soothe away her grief, smoothed away her hair, which had fallen over her face. "Oh, Mike, it is so hard to leave you," said the wife. "It can't be helped," said Nixon, and then they kissed each other, and talked in a low tone about their family. Then Mrs. Nixon said: "I cannot stay any longer, Mike; good-by." And Nixon, standing up, kissed his wife for the last time, and she passed out of the prison into the yard in which the gallows had been erected. Nixon was executed in the morning, in the presence of the officers and a few visitors, and died with very little struggle.

A Pet Chicken.

The Twenty-third Regiment of artillery in the French army has a white Cochin-China rooster upon which a great value is placed on account of his meritorious services in the field of battle. This cock passed through the whole of the campaign of the Rhine, and was carried to Augsburg as a prisoner of war. At Metz during the siege the soldiers, although obliged to eat their horses, held the life of this truly Gallic cock as sacred. At the battle of Gravelotte he was perched on the shoulders of his master, who was in the Fourth Battery, and was so used to the cannon's roar that he did not pay the slightest attention to it. After his master was killed another artillerist adopted him, and he still remains in the military service.

Another Triumph for the Wilson Sewing Machine Co.

At the SEVENTH GRAND STATE FAIR of the Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair Association of Louisiana, held April 25d, 1873, at New Orleans, the world-renowned celebrated Wilson Sewing Machines were awarded a GOLD MEDAL for the best Sewing Machines, and *five separate premiums* for the best work done on Sewing Machines, thus making *Five Premiums, Nine Medals and Three Diplomas* that were awarded to the Wilson Machines within a year. It is a notorious fact that, without a single exception, the Wilson Sewing Machine Co. has sent its machines to every State Fair and Exposition in this and nearly all Europe, where awards were offered to the best Sewing Machines, in order to show the great people of the world that the "Wilson" is not only better than all others, but that it has the ability, capital and pluck to defeat and humiliate the combined forces of nineteen competitors, all of whom have fought the Wilson Machine, inch by inch, to prevent it from getting a foothold in the American market, and to compel the Wilson Sewing Machine Co., by their formidable competition, to raise the price of the Wilson Machines to that at which theirs are sold for, or else go out of the market entirely. But the people of America are with the Wilson Machine, and are too intelligent to be